

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER V.

THE apparition of a file of soldiers ringing down the butt-ends of their loaded muskets on our door-step, caused the dinner-party to rise from table in confusion, and caused Mrs. Joe re-entering the kitchen empty-handed, to stop short and stare, in her wondering lament of "Gracious goodness gracious me, what's gone—with the—pie!"

The sergeant and I were in the kitchen when Mrs. Joe stood staring; at which crisis I partially recovered the use of my senses. It was the sergeant who had spoken to me, and he was now looking round at the company, with his handcuffs invitingly extended towards them in his right hand, and his left on my shoulder.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said the sergeant, "but as I have mentioned at the door to this smart young shaver" (which he hadn't), "I am on a chase in the name of the King, and I want the blacksmith."

"And pray what might you want with *him*?" retorted my sister, quick to resent his being wanted at all.

"Missis," returned the gallant sergeant, "speaking for myself, I should reply, the honour and pleasure of his fine wife's acquaintance; speaking for the King, I answer, a little job done."

This was received as rather neat in the sergeant; inasmuch that Mr. Pumblechook cried audibly, "Good again!"

"You see, blacksmith," said the sergeant, who had by this time picked out Joe with his eye, "we have had an accident with these, and I find the lock of one of 'em goes wrong, and the coupling don't act pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them?"

Joe threw his eye over them, and pronounced that the job would necessitate the lighting of his forge fire, and would take nearer two hours than one. "Will it? Then will you set about it at once, blacksmith," said the off-hand sergeant, "as it's on his Majesty's service. And if my men can bear a hand anywhere, they'll make themselves useful." With that, he called to his men, who came trooping into the kitchen one after another, and piled their arms in a corner. And then they stood about, as soldiers do; now, with

their hands loosely clasped before them; now, resting a knee or a shoulder; now, easing a belt or a pouch; now, opening the door to spit stiffly over their high stocks, out into the yard.

All these things I saw without then knowing that I saw them, for I was in an agony of apprehension. But, beginning to perceive that the handcuffs were not for me, and that the military had so far got the better of the pie as to put it in the background, I collected a little more of my scattered wits.

"Would you give me the Time?" said the sergeant, addressing himself to Mr. Pumblechook, as to a man whose appreciative powers justified the inference that he was equal to the time.

"It's just gone half-past two."

"That's not so bad," said the sergeant, reflecting; "even if I was forced to halt here nigh two hours, that'll do. How far might you call yourselves from the marshes, hereabouts? Not above a mile, I reckon?"

"Just a mile," said Mrs. Joe.

"That'll do. We begin to close in upon 'em about dusk. A little before dusk, my orders are. That'll do."

"Convicts, sergeant?" asked Mr. Wopsle, in a matter-of-course way.

"Ay!" returned the sergeant, "two. They're pretty well known to be out on the marshes still, and they won't try to get clear of 'em before dusk. Anybody here seen anything of any such game?"

Everybody, myself excepted, said no, with confidence. Nobody thought of me.

"Well!" said the sergeant, "they'll find themselves trapped in a circle, I expect, sooner than they count on. Now, blacksmith! If you're ready, His Majesty the King is."

Joe had got his coat and waistcoat and cravat off, and his leather apron on, and passed into the forge. One of the soldiers opened its wooden windows, another lighted the fire, another turned to at the bellows, the rest stood round the blaze, which was soon roaring. Then Joe began to hammer and clink, hammer and clink, and we all looked on.

The interest of the impending pursuit not only absorbed the general attention, but even made my sister liberal. She drew a pitcher of beer from the cask, for the soldiers, and invited the sergeant to take a glass of brandy. But Mr. Pumblechook said, sharply, "Give him

wine, mum. I'll engage there's no Tar in that." so, the sergeant thanked him and said that as he preferred his drink without tar, he would take wine, if it was equally convenient. When it was given him, he drank his Majesty's health and Compliments of the Season, and took it all at a mouthful and smacked his lips.

"Good stuff, eh, sergeant?" said Mr. Pumblechook.

"I'll tell you something," returned the sergeant; "I suspect that stuff's of *your* providing."

Mr. Pumblechook, with a fat sort of laugh, said, "Ay, ay? Why?"

"Because," returned the sergeant, clapping him on the shoulder, "you're a man that knows what's what."

"D'ye think so?" said Mr. Pumblechook, with his former laugh. "Have another glass."

"With you. Hob and nob," returned the sergeant. "The top of mine to the foot of yours—the foot of yours to the top of mine—Ring once, ring twice—the best tune on the Musical Glasses! Your health. May you live a thousand years, and never be a worse judge of the right sort than you are at the present moment of your life!"

The sergeant tossed off his glass again and seemed quite ready for another glass. I noticed that Mr. Pumblechook in his hospitality appeared to forget that he had made a present of the wine, but took the bottle from Mrs. Joe and had all the credit of handing it about in a gush of joviality. Even I got some. And he was so very free of the wine that he even called for the other bottle and handed that about with the same liberality, when the first was gone.

As I watched them while they all stood clustered about the forge enjoying themselves so much, I thought what terrible good sauce for a dinner my fugitive friend on the marshes was. They had not enjoyed themselves a quarter so much, before the entertainment was brightened with the excitement he furnished. And now, when they were all in lively expectation of "the two villains" being taken, and when the bellows seemed to roar for the fugitives, the fire to flare for them, the smoke to hurry away in pursuit of them, Joe to hammer and clink for them, and all the murky shadows on the wall to shake at them in menace as the blaze rose and sank and the red-hot sparks dropped and died, the pale afternoon outside, almost seemed in my pitying young fancy to have turned pale on their account, poor wretches.

At last, Joe's job was done, and the ringing and roaring stopped. As Joe got on his coat, he mustered courage to propose that some of us should go down with the soldiers and see what came of the hunt. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble declined, on the plea of a pipe and ladies' society; but Mr. Wopsle said he would go, if Joe would. Joe said he was agreeable, and he would take me, if Mrs. Joe approved. We never should have got leave to go, I am sure, but for Mrs. Joe's curiosity to know all about it and how it ended. As it was, she merely stipulated, "If you bring the boy back with his head

blown to bits by a musket, don't look to me to put it together again."

The sergeant took a polite leave of the ladies, and parted from Mr. Pumblechook as from a comrade; though I doubt if he were quite as fully sensible of that gentleman's merits under arid conditions, as when something moist was going. His men resumed their muskets and fell in. Mr. Wopsle, Joe, and I, received strict charge to keep in the rear, and to speak no word after we reached the marshes. When we were all out in the raw air and were steadily moving towards our business, I treasonably whispered to Joe, "I hope, Joe, we shan't find them." And Joe whispered to me, "I'd give a shilling if they had cut and run, Pip."

We were joined by no stragglers from the village, for the weather was cold and threatening, the way dreary, the footing bad, darkness coming on, and the people had good fires in-doors and were keeping the day. A few faces hurried to glowing windows and looked after us, but none came out. We passed the finger-post, and held straight on to the churchyard. There, we were stopped a few minutes by a signal from the sergeant's hand, while two or three of his men dispersed themselves among the graves, and also examined the porch. They came in again without finding anything, and then we struck out on the open marshes, through the gate at the side of the churchyard. A bitter sleet came rattling against us here on the east wind, and Joe took me on his back.

Now that we were out upon the dismal wilderness where they little thought I had been within eight or nine hours and had seen both men hiding, I considered for the first time, with great dread, if we should come upon them, would my particular convict suppose that it was I who had brought the soldiers there? He had asked me if I was a deceiving imp, and he had said I should be a fierce young hound if I joined the hunt against him. Would he believe that I was both imp and hound in treacherous earnest, and had betrayed him?

It was of no use asking myself this question now. There I was, on Joe's back, and there was Joe beneath me, charging at the ditches like a hunter, and stimulating Mr. Wopsle not to tumble on his Roman nose, and to keep up with us. The soldiers were in front of us, extended into a pretty wide line with an interval between man and man. We were taking the course I had begun with, and from which I had diverged in the mist. Either the mist was not out again yet, or the wind had dispelled it. Under the low red glare of sunset, the beacon, and the gibbet, and the mound of the Battery, and the opposite shore of the river, were plain, though all of a watery lead colour.

With my heart thumping like a blacksmith at Joe's broad shoulder, I looked all about for any sign of the convicts. I could see none, I could hear none. Mr. Wopsle had greatly alarmed me more than once, by his blowing and hard breathing; but I knew the sounds by this time, and could dissociate them from the object

of pursuit. I got a dreadful start, when I thought I heard the file still going; but it was only a sheep bell. The sheep stopped in their eating and looked timidly at us; and the cattle, their heads turned from the wind and sleet, stared angrily as if they held us responsible for both annoyances; but, except these things, and the shudder of the dying day in every blade of grass, there was no break in the bleak stillness of the marshes.

The soldiers were moving on in the direction of the old Battery, and we were moving on a little way behind them, when, all of a sudden, we all stopped. For, there had reached us on the wings of the wind and rain, a long shout. It was repeated. It was at a distance towards the east, but it was long and loud. Nay, there seemed to be two or more shouts raised together—if one might judge from a confusion in the sound.

To this effect the sergeant and the nearest men were speaking under their breath, when Joe and I came up. After another moment's listening, Joe (who was a good judge) agreed, and Mr. Wopsle (who was a bad judge) agreed. The sergeant, a decisive man, ordered that the sound should not be answered, but that the course should be changed, and that his men should make towards it "at the double." So we slanted to the right (where the East was), and Joe pounded away so wonderfully, that I had to hold on tight to keep my seat.

It was a run indeed now, and what Joe called, in the only two words he spoke all the time, "a Winder." Down banks and up banks, and over gates, and splashing into dykes, and breaking among coarse rushes: no man cared where he went. As we came nearer to the shouting, it became more and more apparent that it was made by more than one voice. Sometimes, it seemed to stop altogether, and then the soldiers stopped. When it broke out again, the soldiers made for it at a greater rate than ever, and we after them. After a while, we had so run it down, that we could hear one voice calling "Murder!" and another voice, "Convicts! Runaways! Guard! This way for the runaway convicts!" Then both voices would seem to be stifled in a struggle, and then would break out again. And when it had come to this, the soldiers ran like deer, and Joe too.

The sergeant ran in first, when we had run the noise quite down, and two of his men ran in close upon him. Their pieces were cocked and levelled when we all ran in.

"Here are both men!" panted the sergeant, struggling at the bottom of a ditch. "Surrender, you two! and confound you for two wild beasts! Come asunder!"

Water was splashing, and mud was flying, and oaths were being sworn, and blows were being struck, when some more men went down into the ditch to help the sergeant, and dragged out, separately, my convict and the other one. Both were bleeding and panting and execrating and struggling; but of course I knew them both directly.

"Mind!" said my convict, wiping blood

from his face with his ragged sleeves, and shaking torn hair from his fingers; "*I took him! I give him up to you! Mind that!*"

"It's not much to be particular about," said the sergeant; "it'll do you small good, my man, being in the same plight yourself. Handcuffs there!"

"I don't expect it to do me any good. I don't want it to do me more good than it does now," said my convict, with a greedy laugh. "I took him. He knows it. That's enough for me."

The other convict was livid to look at, and, in addition to the old bruised left side of his face, seemed to be bruised and torn all over. He could not so much as get his breath to speak, until they were both separately handcuffed, but leaned upon a soldier to keep himself from falling.

"Take notice, guard—he tried to murder me," were his first words.

"Tried to murder him?" said my convict, disdainfully. "Try, and not do it? I took him, and giv' him up; that's what I done. I not only prevented him getting off the marshes, but I dragged him here—dragged him this far on his way back. He's a gentleman, if you please, this villain. Now, the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me. Murder him? Worth my while, too, to murder him, when I could do worse and drag him back!"

The other one still gasped, "He tried—he tried—to—murder me. Bear—bear witness."

"Lookee here!" said my convict to the sergeant. "Single-handed I got clear of the prison-ship; I made a dash and I done it. I could ha' got clear of these death-cold flats likewise—look at my leg: you won't find much iron on it—if I hadn't made discovery that *he* was here. Let *him* go free? Let *him* profit by the means I found out? Let *him* make a tool of me afresh and again? Once more? No, no, no. If I had died at the bottom there;" and he made an emphatic swing at the ditch with his manacled hands; "I'd have held to him with that grip, that you should have been safe to find him in my hold."

The other fugitive, who was evidently in extreme horror of his companion, repeated, "He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you had not come up."

"He lies!" said my convict, with fierce energy. "He's a liar born, and he'll die a liar. Look at his face; ain't it written there? Let him turn those eyes of his on me. I defy him to do it."

The other, with an effort at a scornful smile—which could not, however, collect the nervous working of his mouth into any set expression—looked at the soldiers, and looked about at the marshes and at the sky, but certainly did not look at the speaker.

"Do you see him?" pursued my convict. "Do you see what a villain he is? Do you see those grovelling and wandering eyes? That's how he looked when we were tried together. He never looked at me."

The other, always working and working his dry lips and turning his eyes restlessly about him far and near, did at last turn them for a

moment on the speaker, with the words, "You are not much to look at," and with a half-taunting glance at the bound hands. At that point, my convict became so frantically exasperated, that he would have rushed upon him but for the interposition of the soldiers. "Didn't I tell you," said the other convict then, "that he would murder me, if he could?" And any one could see that he shook with fear, and that there broke out upon his lips, curious white flakes, like thin snow.

"Enough of this parley," said the sergeant. "Light those torches."

As one of the soldiers, who carried a basket in lieu of a gun, went down on his knee to open it, my convict looked round him for the first time, and saw me. I had alighted from Joe's back on the brink of the ditch when we came up, and had not moved since. I looked at him eagerly when he looked at me, and slightly moved my hands and shook my head. I had been waiting for him to see me, that I might try to assure him of my innocence. It was not at all expressed to me that he even comprehended my intention, for he gave me a look that I did not understand, and it all passed in a moment. But if he had looked at me for an hour or for a day, I could not have remembered his face ever afterwards, as having been more attentive.

The soldier with the basket soon got a light, and lighted three or four torches, and took one himself and distributed the others. It had been almost dark before, but now it seemed quite dark, and soon afterwards very dark. Before we departed from that spot, four soldiers standing in a ring, fired twice into the air. Presently we saw other torches kindled at some distance behind us, and others on the marshes on the opposite bank of the river. "All right," said the sergeant. "March."

We had not gone far when three cannon were fired ahead of us with a sound that seemed to burst something inside my ear. "You are expected on board," said the sergeant to my convict; "they know you are coming. Don't straggle, my man. Close up here."

The two were kept apart, and each walked surrounded by a separate guard. I had hold of Joe's hand now, and Joe carried one of the torches. Mr. Wopsle had been for going back, but Joe was resolved to see it out, so we went on with the party. There was a reasonably good path now, mostly on the edge of the river, with a divergence here and there where a dyke came, with a miniature windmill on it and a muddy sluice-gate. When I looked round, I could see the other lights coming in after us. The torches we carried, dropped great blotches of fire upon the track, and I could see those, too, lying smoking and flaring. I could see nothing else but black darkness. Our lights warmed the air about us with their pitchy blaze, and the two prisoners seemed rather to like that, as they limped along in the midst of the muskets. We could not go fast, because of their lameness, and they were so spent, that two or three times we had to halt while they rested.

After an hour or so of this travelling, we came to a rough wooden hut and a landing-place. There was a guard in the hut, and they challenged, and the sergeant answered. Then, we went into the hut where there was a smell of tobacco and whitewash, and a bright fire, and a lamp, and a stand of muskets, and a drum, and a low wooden bedstead, like an overgrown mangle without the machinery, capable of holding about a dozen soldiers all at once. Three or four soldiers who lay upon it in their great-coats, were not much interested in us, but just lifted their heads and took a sleepy stare, and then lay down again. The sergeant made some kind of report, and some entry in a book, and then the convict whom I call the other convict was drafted off with his guard, to go on board first.

My convict never looked at me, except that once. While we stood in the hut, he stood before the fire looking thoughtfully at it, or putting up his feet by turns upon the hob, and looking thoughtfully at them as if he pitied them for their recent adventures. Suddenly, he turned to the sergeant, and remarked:

"I wish to say something respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me."

"You can say what you like," returned the sergeant, standing coolly looking at him with his arms folded, "but you have no call to say it here. You'll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, 'before it's done with, you know.'"

"I know, but this is another pint, a separate matter. A man can't starve; at least I can't. I took some wittles, up at the willage over yonder—where the church stands a'most out on the marshes."

"You mean stole," said the sergeant.

"And I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's."

"Halloa!" said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

"Halloa, Pip!" said Joe, staring at me.

"It was some broken wittles—that's what it was—and a dram of liquor, and a pie."

"Have you happened to miss such an article as a pie, blacksmith?" asked the sergeant, confidentially.

"My wife did, at the very moment when you came in. Don't you know, Pip?"

"So," said my convict, turning his eyes on Joe in a moody manner, and without the least glance at me; "so you're the blacksmith, are you? Then I'm sorry to say, I've eat your pie."

"God knows you're welcome to it—so far as it was ever mine," returned Joe, with a saving remembrance of Mrs. Joe. "We don't know what you have done, but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, poor miserable fellow-creatur.—Would us, Pip?"

The something that I had noticed before, clicked in the man's throat again, and he turned his back. The boat had returned, and his guard were ready, so we followed him to the landing-place made of rough stakes and stones, and saw him put into the boat, which was rowed

by a crew of convicts like himself. No one seemed surprised to see him, or interested in seeing him, or glad to see him, or sorry to see him, or spoke a word, except that somebody in the boat growled as if to dogs, "Give way, you!" which was the signal for the dip of the oars. By the light of the torches, we saw the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mud of the shore, like a wicked Noah's ark. Cribbed and barred and moored by massive rusty chains, the prison-ship seemed in my young eyes to be ironed like the prisoners. We saw the boat go alongside, and we saw him taken up the side and disappear. Then, the ends of the torches were flung hissing into the water, and went out, as if it were all over with him.

THE MAN FOR CHINA.

I HAVE a mission. I may not, perhaps, be able to fulfil it, for we lie at the mercy of circumstances in this trying world. Nevertheless, I am confident that I have a mission, and that mission has reference to China. I have been conscious of the fact for some years past, but it has been impressed upon me more forcibly than ever by the intelligence which we have been lately receiving from that country.

I suppose all Englishmen will be ready to confess that our relations with the Chinese empire have not been altogether satisfactory. Without doubt there has been a decided hitch in those relations. They have not been working well for some time past, and, indeed, I may say that they never have worked well at any time. We don't seem, as two nations, to understand each other. We appear to be playing at cross questions and crooked answers, and this state of things is giving rise to all sorts of evils, which are telling in a very disagreeable way upon the temper of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. My mission is to remedy these evils. I feel a kind of inspiration, that I, and I only, am the man to deal with that shifty people.

We are in the habit of speaking of such and such a person as being a man suited to his time, a man fitted for the occasion. Wellington was the man for Waterloo, Russell was the man for Reform, Cobden was the man for the No Corn-law. Very good; my name is Chapman, and I am the man for China.

Of course such a work as that which I propose to do could not possibly be performed without adequate means and powers being placed at my disposal. Even Wellington, I presume, mighty genius as he was, would not have been successful at Waterloo altogether by himself. Some people go so far as to say that he was very much indebted to Blucher on that occasion. At any rate he required a British army at his back; and, without a British army, I think, we may safely conclude that his success would have been, to say the least of it, problematical. You will, therefore, not be surprised to hear that I also re-

quire certain small aids and auxiliaries. You ask what these are? I have no objection to confess ingenuously that I shall require the assistance, not only of the British army, but of the British fleet besides. This modest requisition you will probably deny me; nevertheless, I will proceed to lay before you, briefly but clearly, the grounds upon which I, Chapman, thus ask for the confidence and support of the British nation.

First of all, I will begin by saying that, although I understand English and French perfectly, and am decidedly fluent as regards the latter language, yet I know nothing whatever about Chinese. I consider this last a great qualification. You will say it is not a singular one. Probably not. But what is the use of a qualification if it is not taken advantage of? I contend that all our dealings with the Chinese people have been carried on by persons who, if they did not understand the language themselves, were unfortunate enough to be surrounded by those who did, and I further contend that this knowledge has been the cause of all the evils which we have now to deplore. The use of language, we have been told, is to conceal our thoughts, and this is certainly the use to which the Chinese put it. Talk of their Flowery Land! what is the floweriness of their land when compared to the efflorescence of their language? Here is a people who make it their chief business to tell lies. They are great in fire-works, moral as well as pyrotechnic, and the man of genius, with them, is the man who can invent the most awful "crackers." Truthfulness is the sign of a rude, unpolished mind, and a man who should go amongst the Chinese, without first cloaking and concealing and carefully covering over every real feeling of his mind, would be looked upon pretty much in the same light as one of our own naked ancestors would be looked upon, if he were to reappear suddenly amongst ourselves greased and painted. Can you wonder that Chinamen persist in calling us barbarians, when, notwithstanding all the experience which we have had of their character, we still continue to send diplomatists to them, to be cajoled and wheedled and bamboozled in every possible way? Look at that affair at Tien-tsin the other day. I believe that we were within an ace, on that occasion, of making another of those famous treaties which convulse the fat sides of every mandarin in the empire with mirth. How I wish that I had commenced my mission at that time; that I could have been set down in Lord Elgin's place, and could have had Kweiliang brought before me. You ask me what I would have done with him? What? Why, I would have had his head off; and, if I had made any use whatever of Messrs. Parke and Wade, it would have been to send them to Hang-fuh with my compliments, and to tell him that if any other lying commissioner of the same sort were to come before me, I would serve him after the same sort. I think

Hang-fuh would have understood that message. It has, in fact, something of the Chinese style about it; at any rate, you may feel convinced of this:—that that enlightened provincial governor would think twice about the matter before he ever endeavoured again to palm off any falsehood upon me.

But you will say that we are going to do matters in the right way this time; that Lord Elgin is close to Pekin, with some powerful persuaders, in the shape of Armstrong guns and Minié rifles; and that he will be able to dictate, to that effete old emperor Hien-fuh, any terms we please. I hope so; but I don't feel at all satisfied upon this point. I read in the newspapers that two mandarins arrived at Tung-chow with a flag of truce—probably our Tien-tsin friends Tsai-wan, President of the Imperial Court of Punishment, and Mu-hyn, President of the Council of War. This looked bad, and turned out so. Some of our people went to meet them; were caught in a trap and treacherously made prisoners. I will suppose that what the correspondents say is correct, and that Lord Elgin will refuse to have anything to say to the Imperial trickster until the prisoners are released, and a heavy sum of money paid. This isn't enough for me. I would have no treaty that is not signed inside the walls of Pekin. An extramural treaty I don't build much upon. The value of any treaty which Lord Elgin would conclude would be worth as much, and no more, as he could manage to squeeze out of it upon the spot,—and that wouldn't be much short of Pekin itself.

Just contrast Lord Elgin's plans with my brilliant method of doing business. Imagine me for a moment on the march to Pekin and meeting with Tsai-wan and Mu-hyn on the way. Lord Elgin is no doubt an excellent and highly intelligent person, but I have a spice of the Jehu in me. I am a little more fiery and decided, and I flatter myself that if Tsai-wan and Mu-hyn came, with the purpose of playing us any tricks, he would find in me rather a difficult customer.

The first thing that I should do would be to seize upon those two mandarins, and say, if they prated of peace, "What hast thou to do with peace? turn thee behind me;" and I would have them sent to the rear to be taken care of accordingly. I would do more than this. I would have that Grand President of the Imperial Court of Punishment carefully searched and examined, and if I found on him, as I most probably should, any traces of deceit and double-dealing, I would furnish him with an excellent example of the British method of executing the duties of his office, and he should be made acquainted with the punishment of which we generally consider prevaricators to be deserving in this country. Don't you see the advantage of this vigorous plan of dealing with these Celestials? Don't you think, when I had once given out, that I refused to have any com-

munication on any subject, save with the Emperor Hien-fuh himself, and had given a pledge of the sincerity of my statement by administering condign punishment upon Kweiliang, and every other commissioner pretended or not who endeavoured to deceive me, that I should not be much longer troubled with these crafty, shifty, faithless, perjured, lying mandarins?

I have no patience when I think of the manner in which we have allowed ourselves, from time to time to be cheated by this curious people. What do we mean by going to them with our hats in our hands, and treating with all the civility, and courtesy, and diplomatic niceties of European courts, a nation who have deceived us, and broken faith with us, on every possible opportunity, and who scarcely take proper pains to conceal the fact that they are desirous of treating us in the same manner now? What do we mean by allowing a coarse, ignorant debauchee like Hien-fuh, to shield himself behind commissioners, and presidents, and lying functionaries of all kinds, and to keep at a distance, and treat with insolent contempt, the best, and bravest, and noblest of our land? What do we mean by going out to China, year after year, with our costly fleets and armies, merely to gain barren victories, and to conclude treaties which turn out, six months afterwards, to be of the exact value of so much waste paper?

If the British government will only send me, Chapman, out to China, and give me carte blanche to do as I please, I promise to remedy all these perplexing difficulties in such an effectual manner, that they shall never, by any possibility, occur again. I shall not require any assistance beyond that which I have already stated. If I *must* have an interpreter, I will only consent to have one, on this condition, that he shall interpret any proposals which I may think well to make, into Chinese, but that he shall be prohibited, at the risk of instant annihilation, from interpreting any Chinese answers in return, beyond the simple affirmative and negative, "yes" and "no." I dare say that even this would not be an easy business; for no doubt those wily diplomatists have a word which, on occasion, serves for both. There was a fellow, I remember, at Cambridge, of a Celestial type of countenance and low algebraic intellect, who was able to write a peculiar sign, something between "plus" and "minus," and which, in doubtful cases, would serve for either one or the other. I reserve to myself the power of dealing with the Chinese, in an opposite manner to that in which the examiners dealt with the deceitful Cantab. The Cantab was only plucked; but my ambiguous Celestials shall be tarred and feathered.

Suppose me then set down on these conditions at "seven miles from Pekin"—as one newspaper correspondent dates—and with full powers. What would I do? Well, it is evident that the emperor cares no more about the thrashing of his armies than he does about the thrash-

ing of the Bourbons. We have been always thrashing them. We have been thrashing them, until at last we have become quite tired of that species of cruelty. I declare (putting aside for the moment the loss of life) that it was a positive relief to the tedious monotony of Chinese wars, when they managed last year, contrary to the wildest expectations, to beat us off from the Taku forts. We have now, of course, succeeded in thrashing them again, and we may go on thrashing them, if we please, every year, and Hien-fuh will be rather pleased than otherwise at this clearing away of his redundant population. It is certain, therefore, that this is not the way to get what we require. My plan is simple. Having first of all well thrashed his armies, I would now go on and thrash the emperor himself. The idea of allowing that old sinner to remain all this time in safety at Peking, is not at all according to my notion of doing business. Nothing should stop *me* till I reached the imperial palace; nothing should satisfy me till I had got Hien-fuh in my power. When I had done that—and I am certain that I could do it in a fortnight—when I had once got that source of all evil in my firm grasp, and had surrounded him with all his lying satellites, who have been bolstering up all his insolence and presumption, I would call in my interpreter, and, having first gently pricked up Hien-fuh with the point of my sword to arouse his attention, and to make him sensible that I meant business, I would deliver this oration:

"I am come here to demand twelve millions of taels, as some slight compensation for all the trouble and expense which your breaches of good faith have occasioned, and I require that the payment of this sum shall be made within three months. I am also come to require certain changes in our commercial relations, and in other important matters; all of which have been already explained to you. The question is, Are you willing to fulfil these demands or not? I know very well that you are burning to declare that the thing is thoroughly impossible, but it is of no use whatever your making any such remark; for, in the first place, I couldn't possibly understand you, and, in the second place, the individual who should dare to interrupt me with any statement of any kind, would only do so at his own imminent peril. I know, also, that you are especially desirous of saying—but you had better not say it—that the idea of collecting twelve millions of taels in three months is a frightful absurdity. To this, however, I *will* make a reply, and it is this: that if you don't collect them, I will; and I moreover promise, that you shall every one of you remain under my safe custody until the amount is made up. But, mind, beyond the three months I won't wait. Do you remember a certain Commissioner Yeh? Very good; now let me tell you that gentlemen of your country are very much appreciated in the West India Islands, and that if you don't make haste to carry out my

wishes at once, instead of going to India you shall go to the West Indies. So much of the present; but there is something else which I wish to say with respect to the future, and it is this: I am sorry to have to confess that the sea voyage between England and your delightful country is rather long and tedious, and that, therefore, I have determined, if ever I have to visit you again, to come for good. I mean, that if the commands which I lay upon you now are not complied with to the very letter, the next time I come I will make it utterly impossible for you ever to disappoint me again. You may feel sure then of this, that if you don't stick to this agreement you will find yourselves playing a losing game.

Now I think you will agree that when I had made this oration, and had acted up to it, I should have produced an impression upon the Celestial mind which would at any rate last our time. Lord Elgin, I have no doubt, will do on this occasion more than has ever been done before, but I fear that, even then, our relations with the Chinese will be very imperfect. My plan may seem harsh and cruel: but it has a grandeur of simplicity about it, such as all inspirations of real genius have. It would give you twelve instead of eight millions of taels: it would bring cheap tea to every old woman in the country. It would open up at once a splendid market for British manufactures on the one hand, and, on the other, it would give the Chinese the material and social advantages which Europeans enjoy. It would do away for ever with these troublesome Chinese wars, and make our Chancellor of the Exchequer dance with joy. You will say, perhaps, with a sigh of regret, that I am too late for the present dispute. In that case, all I ask is, that when the next war comes, which it will surely do before long, you will then remember *me*. I am a man of deeds, not words. My name is Chapman, and I am the man for China.

GAULS IN ROME.

ON prominent corners of our Roman streets glaring placards arrest the eye importunately, to the one burden, "ROME EN CINQ JOURS;" that is, a recipe for fricaseeing, hashing, and serving hot the dish called an Eternal City, in three, two, or even one day. The essence or extract of ruins, churches, pictures, forums, columns, statues, and bones, all boiled down into a concentrated jelly. We gallop at the thing desperately—*ventre à terre*—and the city must be done post. Towards evening—when there rolls by me that ancient open coach, with the father o' family, and mother o' family, and the son o' th' family, and daughters in the familiar hat of the period, all packed close and painfully in the interior, with their common Red Book lying cast away in the middle, and with the most worn, haggard expression that hopeless human misery can ever attain—I know that they

have been having a pleasant day of it, and have been gasping through the famous Roman sights within a limited period. They have been adapting the notorious pedestrian feat, and have walked their thousand sights in a thousand consecutive seconds. Their hired showman sits on the box, and is still doing his office—pointing; while his victims have their necks craned back, and with a dull and stony stare, gaze on the details of what seem to be only the cornices and house-tops. Poor souls! their day's work is nearly at an end; and, gorged with huge undigested lumps of statues, painting, churches, and general antiquity, are returning very full and uncomfortable. Only conceive of this miserable *peine forte et dure*! Fancy their being driven through the happy fields of Elysium with an avenging fury, or hired showman, scourging them on from behind. That drooping gladiator, the noblest figure in the world, lies there all brown and dusty, piteously and silently invoking an irresistible sympathy; but the fury behind will only allow one second to the gladiator, and hoarsely whispers, "Move on!" Antinous, one second; Apollo, a glance; Laocoon, no more than a wink; Coliseum, a bow. What a horrible Tantalus feast for a true child of Art! enough to tease and goad him to lunacy.

The three answers made by a pontiff of a sprightly turn of mind to the three American gentlemen on their travels, has furnished an apologue, quite Arabesque in turn and thought, as applied to this melancholy disease of greedy sight-seeing. Once on a time three American kalenders were presented to the Pope, and the Pope received them very graciously. The Pope said unto the first American kalender, "My good friend, how long will you tarry with us in this Eternal City?" But the first kalender, opening his mouth, said, with grief, "O holy father! no more than one week." And the Pope smiled on him, and said, "Then you shall see a very great deal." Then, turning to the second kalender, he asked him, "My good friend, how long will you tarry with us in this Eternal City?" But the second kalender, opening his mouth, said, with grief, "O holy father! no more than one month." And the Pope looked doubtfully on him, and said, "Then you shall see a very little indeed." Then, turning to the third kalender, he asked him, "My good friend, how long will you tarry with us in this Eternal City?" But the third kalender, opening his mouth with joy, said, "O holy father! as long as six months." But the Pope looked frowningly on him, and said, "Then you shall see nothing at all." So the three American kalenders went home to their caravanserais foolishly. The moral: this fable showeth how, when we go out to see the lions, it is always wise to take Time by the forelock, and to drag him by it very fast.

The little Frenchmen again, as I live, turning up at every corner in threes and fours, looking in at the windows, chattering, laughing, smoking, scoured and burnished as bright as their very bayonets—the Fortieth and the Twenty-second

Regiments of the Line. They have been here for ten or twelve years, and are heartily sick of the place. In the whole contingent taken together, I will venture to say, they cannot muster a page of decent Italian. Habitually they do not corrupt their own easy idiom by the admixture of broken Italian, but address the population fearlessly in loud Parisian French. "Peste!" cry out, angrily, two officers purchasing gloves in a shop, one rolling his r's in frightful reduplication; "see! we are here two years now, and these coquins have not learnt a word of French!" This speech is delightful, and worth a sack of *seudi*; deliciously characteristic of the Great Nation and its unconscious vanity. All things are in an exquisite keeping. The grand French Bird has swooped (with an idea in its head), and this, gentle sirs, is no more than the department of the Tiber, with prefect and sub-prefect, making allowance, of course, for some little native formalities in the matter of rule just tolerated. With what a superb disdain do the little red-limbed men, who trip along with hands plunged into their brick-red pantaloons, measure the native *canaille*! They do not know them. But the colonels and officers—can words convey the pitying contempt of the superior captain returning the salute paid with such humility by the poor native soldiery? Ask a red-limbed *gaillard* to direct you to the General Post-office, and with much courtesy the good-natured child of France will send you on your way rejoicing, up this sinuosity, down that intricacy, until you flounder at last upon the wished-for temple. Here it is, beyond mistake, with the soldiers on guard at the door, and the inscription, "POSTE DE L'ARMÉE." Most satisfactory: and this precaution of the soldiery shows a jealous care and watchfulness we cannot too much admire. Alack, and alack a-day! this is only the French post for the soldiers' letters; and the child of France, being questioned touching a post, reasonably concludes that allusion is made to *his* institution—to the Post of la Belle France—in fact, to the one only true and genuine establishment of the world—and the army! See the refined point, the delicate exclusion; there being, as the world knows, but one grand people and one army. Italian nomenclature of streets is too troublesome: so, again asking topographical assistance from the red-limbed child of France, he will set you forward by the Place d'Espagne (not by any means Piazza di Spagna), thence down by La Course (he does not know the Corso), thence by the Rue de la Fontaine (what gibberish is this about Via della Fontanella?), and so happily on to Saint-Pierre. It is a little troublesome this process, but the honour of France is untarnished.

They swarm thickly as locusts, these red-limbed insects. That noble Place of the Column, so broad and spacious, with its grand rusted pillar, wound round with its spiral riband, now made orthodox and christianised by a saint's statue, vice heathen Jove or Pallas, is hopelessly Gallicised by these aliens. They are

to be seen sitting in long files on long benches, in whatever sun there is, when that generous warmth is but feebly distributed; in the shade, when he is rampant and inconveniently warm. There is then the thin red line (of culottes) tipped with blue. They turn unexpectedly at all corners. They are eternally sitting in the sun or in the shade. At the huge Convent of the Dominicans, where there are squares and squares of building, and courts and squares again, and huge cold corridors where cold figures flit by you in the white and black plumage of the order (even in this sultry zone it imparts an unpleasant creeping feel seeing these holy men in their airy uniform), where, too, is that famous temple-church of the Goddess Minerva, now Santa Maria sopra Minerva, and the unique Gothic church of an Eternal City—here again, I say, will this sanctuary have the locusts with the red antennæ intruded, obtaining barrack accommodation in some of the brethren's disused cells. They sit out in the sun at the very grand entrance, on a bench, smoking their pipes, and I have no doubt are contemptuous enough at the expense of "ces Robins blancs" who pass them by. They scowl, too, at the strong Englishman who strides by them every day and surveys the little men patronisingly. They know him to be English, and the feeling, by that daily habitual encounter, is exasperated into a silent acrimony. They would like to lave him in that picturesque pond in the centre of a square, where braves are washing their linen, pounding them with stones, as is the custom on beloved Seine. But here is most sweet retribution in the shape of these wains with the braves (in dishabille) sitting atop, and on huge chests of British biseuit, marked legibly with the name of a Liverpool firm. The Liverpool firm in an Eternal City, among the Cæsars, ministering to the Gallic cock!

Someway, they bring brightness with them, do the red-limbed invaders. Most welcome is it to see them flashing down the street with their polished steel and brass, their gay worsteds, red and green, and their handsome intelligent faces. So gay, so obliging, too! they will go round with you some furlongs to point out the way. These braves are matchless in their acting of preux chevaliers. Where shall we ever hear of so touching a little trait of delicate politeness as I once saw hard by the fields of Elysium (Parisian, not Paradisal, though both are almost convertible)? Two ranks of the braves are keeping a lane open for the Emperor to pass by, of a cold dismal morning. Suddenly the sun breaks out cheerlessly, and sends down a kind of icy sunbeam aslant, crossing the ranks of the braves. An English lady, comically enough, puts out a small foot into the sloping sunbeam, striving to fetch out of it such warmth as she can; and these braves positively dress up close, and make a gap in their ranks, to give the chilly sunbeam clear passage to madame's foot! Gavarni or Cham should have been there with his crayon.

Another but different little scene, charmingly

French, which these eyes have witnessed, in Rome, must not be passed by unsung. I am well in the front of a battling, squeezing, seething crowd, who have struggled to the barriers at Saint Peter's choir to see the venerable John Labre beatified. A superb church in itself, it is to-day a miracle of golden hangings and illumination. There is a perfect army of candles in the air, to be counted by the hundred thousand. The relatives and descendants of the venerable John have come forward, regardless of expense; for, reasonably enough, they take a just pride in this spiritual ennoblement of their ancestor, a little of which is reflected upon themselves. Here is a significant fact, worthy of being considered at the funerals of Iron Dukes and such awful notabilities. The lighting dispensation is not left to the elegant caprices of lampmen and ball-room contractors, nor to the gloomy art canons which regulate the decoration of the catafalque, but to an architect of eminence, who furnishes an elaborate design which shall harmonise with the building. No running wild and stopping up of vacant spaces with surfeits of candle-light as it shall seem good to nice Undertaking eye. Here everything is elegant, harmonious, and architectural. Nay, this is yet more curious: two other saints will have their turn on the two next Sundays, and their architects will come in, each with *his* design, demolishing and striving to outshine his predecessor. As I have struggled to the front, the lighting of the fifty thousand has just set in: and surely such desperate, frantic gymnastics in that line, could not be so much as dreamt of. It must be done within, say, a quarter of an hour; and here are figures fluttering in the air among the candles, swinging in the clouds of the roof, now flying down ropes and lighting as they go. It makes one dizzy to see these fearful acrobatic performances. Others skip up strange-jointed ladders, carrying fresh joints upon their backs and fitting them on hurriedly as they ascend, until they are poised at a terrible height upon a pair of long slender reeds, bending and springing like fishing-rods. The lighting of the fifty thousand thus proceeds, and the clouds of twinkling stars spread and grow yet wider. Presently, the work being done, the flying figures have dropped to earth one by one, contriving, by some mysterious agency, or, at least, a suspension of the laws of statics, to bring down with them their pulleys, tackle, and general gear.

Now—when the *Te Deum* is singing, buffeted back and forward between two hostile choirs, and the cannon is heard booming away at Saint Angelo, resounding hollowly through each versicle, and the Spanish ladies (not in prison on this occasion, but in a state of semi-seclusion) are standing up in their ranks, rustling those prints of the venerable John and the neatly printed biographies, handed round like ices, distributed from trays, at the charges of his descendants, and there is general rejoicing abroad—I note a stout Capuchin monk beside me, who has fought his way up with his stalwart arms. The sharp elbows attached to the

stalwart arms occasion me much personal inconvenience, and even pain; and gentle remonstrances, as well as physical protest in the shape of counter-elbow pronunciamiento, are equally unavailing. Sullen and resigned, I am thinking what retribution may be in store for this cruel combination of miserable heart and sharpened elbows, when suddenly I am startled by a loud hollow thud and a suppressed shriek, and, turning sharply, see my Capuchin rubbing his hair (it was thick, and matted, and very rough) convulsively, and with features contorted with agony. All contiguous faces are turned upwards, searching out the mystery; but I look down, and see at my feet a thick substantial wax candle which had descended from the firmament, from a ledge somewhere in the regions of the huge dome! Bystanders commiserate feelingly the poor Capuchin whose wonderful head had sustained such a shock. But while they pour in their consolations (accepted ruefully enough), a light, trim little French soldier has skipped up lightly, has deftly picked up the irregular lump of wax and slipped it into the pockets of his voluminous red pantaloons. He gives the injured ecclesiastic a shrug of sorrow and a pitying "Mon Dieu!" and is gone, just as the Capuchin is querulously looking about under his sandalled feet for the odious candle.

At home in un-Eternal London the science of bare-wall advertising takes odd shapes and vagaries, and in the matter of colouring bursts into the most fiery combinations. Still, even with such training, who can be prepared for this affiche, this mortuary emblazonment, where an enormous span of dead wall (a not inappropriate field) is projected over profusely with tiers of very spirited skeletons on a black ground? They are full of lively gesture, and seem to go through a kind of dismal poses plastiques and sepulchral gymnastics. By some being fiery red and others a staring yellow, allusion *may* have been intended to another person, for whom a skeleton, with the addition of horns and such decoration, will pass tolerably well. But there are heraldic ornaments intermingled with these grisly figures; so we must take the whole combination to be in the nature of an eccentric hatchment. In our Eternal City we get a sort of morbid taste for these things, and take a hideous comfort in the ghastly "properties" of death. I never was so startled as at that strange pall, in the middle of a church, which was perfectly alive with little yellow skeletons, skipping over it like the imps in a pantomime. It was the most grotesque performance that could be conceived; but I have no doubt was considered a very chaste effort, and highly suggestive of becoming thoughts.

But this distasteful familiar does take a more touching shape when of a bright sunny day you, who are wandering hither and thither, revolving picture or statue, or some such immortality, are stayed suddenly, hearing sweet voices—children's voices—singing just at hand, and coming

round the corner, and the hymn drawing nearer, and rising still louder, some bystander tells how this is the orphan boy, whom other orphans are burying. A most touching, pathetic little train! A file of children, graduated to all sizes, and all in the quaint white flowing robes which denote orphanage, with the priests, and swinging censers, and cross swaying in the air, and flowers—yes, there was abundance of flowers—and the small light case—not the dismal, elongated lozenge which prevails at home, with the funereal brilliancy of nails and platings, but absolutely a cheery, festival-like thing, where the little orphan slept, carried on the shoulders of six white little orphans. This, too, under the brightest sun and a turquoise-blue sky, without a disturbing breath abroad. It seemed a festival day, a bright, peaceful holiday for the little orphan boy—as, indeed, we may be pretty sure it was. And so he was sung away round the corner out of my sight.

An Eternal City is a very masquerade ball for confusing diversity of dresses. In the shops are to be purchased a sort of costumier's vade mecum—little books of coloured plates, which flutter to the ground in a long paper riband, presenting a panorama of all the disguises, ecclesiastic, civil, and military. And yet, with such help, and even a commendable knowledge of detail in the matter of this refinement, which helps to set right the errors of pure ignorant strangers, I own I am confounded and gravelled (to use a fine old bit of Saxon) by these grey men sitting dismally on a bench at their archway. In the mere fact of grey men sitting dismally on a bench there is nothing curiously startling. Grey men have been seen walking the earth before now; not wholly unfamiliar is the bench as a convenient and expansive form of seat. No; what gravelled me (to import that chip of racy Saxon again) was seeing fellow-creatures sitting on a bench with bright brass barbers' basins on their heads instead of caps. Unadulterated barbers' basins. These eyes have seen such, swinging within convenient distance of the symbolical pole, with that mysterious chip, or bite, out of the edges. There is a legend over their archway, and the legend runs, "POMPIERS." Pumpers! Pompers! Firemen! It is explained—that is their simple calling. They fly by night; and they have a very neat little waggonette of an engine laid up in their archway, on which they ride to conflagrations. They have a delightful time of it, the pumpers, sitting in the sun, snoozing or smoking, anything, in fact, but putting out fires. At times, at moments of inert languor and of weary buffetings with an ungrateful world, an inexpressible longing seizes on me for the tranquil lot of a pumper. I think, with a sad feeling of envy, of the bright barber's basin—brilliant but unexplained head-dress. A first-class nobleman of three tails is captain-general of the pumpers—wears the peculiar uniform of his corps (has he, I wonder, a glorified barber's basin?), and very likely takes the box-seat on his little engine. All this, too, is Gallican; plagiarised, probably,

from the helmeted Sapeurs Pompiers—incurdiaries of nursemaids' hearts in the gardens of the Luxembourg and elsewhere.

REGISTRATION OF SICKNESS.

To know how many persons in a hundred die in any place at any time, gives but a rough clue to the general state of public health. The English system of registration upon which we found most of our sanitary statistics, is the best in Europe, yet it is so lamentably imperfect that there is no full registration of births, and a complete silence as to the still-born; there is no record whatever of the nature and duration of diseases that do not end fatally, while of those ending in death, the registrar (ignorant himself of medical science) accepts as the cause of death, whatever statement he may get from competent or incompetent witnesses. The excellent and indefatigable Registrar-General has stated that only eighty-three in a hundred of the deaths throughout the kingdom have been certified by medical attendants, and that in one quarter of a year twenty-two thousand deaths were returned without any recognised cause. Among causes that are returned we find "want of vitality," or "worn-out stomach." Any one acquainted with the ways of the poor in our rural districts, must know how imperfect is a great part of the evidence supplied to account for the deaths that happen. Mr. Aspland, of Dukinfield, who has extended over eight years an inquiry into the returns for his own district, finds that "in only fifteen out of two thousand seven hundred and fifteen deaths was the cause of death stated by the registrars to be 'unknown,' whereas it ought to have been so returned in the greater number. The last form of a disease is never fairly to be called the cause of death, even if it were always properly reported. But when the report even of that is utterly untrustworthy, and when all those elevations and depressions of the public health shown in the mass of sickness which mars life but does not destroy it, are passed over without remark, we certainly derive, from the returns of the Registrar-General, less benefit than we ought.

Considerations of this kind were submitted at Bradford to the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, by Mr. Henry Wyldbore Rumsey, and they obtained so general an assent that a committee was formed, including among its members Dr. Farr, Mr. Simon, and Dr. Southwood Smith: to whom afterwards Mr. Chadwick, Sir James Clark, and other men, both skilled and interested in this line of inquiry, were added. To the last meeting of the association, this committee reported its opinion that registration of births and deaths should be taken out of the hands of unscientific men, by filling up all vacancies as they arise, with an order of highly qualified medical superintendents: the registration of marriages being left to the clerk of the board of guardians, who now generally undertakes that duty. The committee found it to be desirable that the cause of deaths

not accounted for by the certificate of a legally qualified medical practitioner, should be ascertained by the medical superintendent registrar, and that the same officer should be supplied with means of registering the sickness in, at least, all public institutions. That such returns should specify age, occupation, and class; and that the registration of all births should be enforced, including the births of still-born children.

We will dwell only upon the suggestion of a public registration of disease. This was at the beginning of the eighteenth century, says Mr. Rumsey, one of the twelve proposals of John Bellers, "by which the lives of many thousands of the rich as well as the poor may be saved yearly." It has been urged since that time, again and again, with various suggestions as to the best manner of effecting it, and it is now again before the public. Well-devised forms of returns are wanted, but are easily to be obtained; and valuable records of the cause and duration of sickness in our workhouses, hospitals, and dispensaries, might be claimed by the State for the public good. These would suggest the proportion of sick time to healthy time in the lives of those who live under the least favourable conditions. The pauper returns would represent from three to seven per cent. of the population of a district; the applicants to medical charities would add to this, only another seven or eight per cent.

But, if forms of return were supplied, and slight remuneration for the trouble of careful registration were paid to the secretaries of friendly and benefit societies, sick-clubs, and self-supporting dispensaries, with suggestion of a few obvious precautions easily to be observed, valuable knowledge might be gained as to the habitual health and the influences by which strength is lowered among a large body of the prudent and comparatively healthy working class. More than this we might not be in a hurry to expect; indeed, we do not expect so much as this to be accomplished in a hurry. But for the interests of the higher class of private patients, the chances of healthy life, as well as the chances of death in every grade of society under its various conditions, should be laid open to careful study; and it is well to know that excellent statistics of private practice have been worked out by some thoughtful surgeons and physicians, without the faintest approach to any breach of professional confidence. Thus, Dr. Hartshorne, of Philadelphia, has devised for the use of private practitioners a tabular record, in which every case is entered by a single dot, and the return of dots conveys all the required information.

There is much to be learnt that we only suspect at present from comparison of sickness with mortality. We know that in Scotland there is less sickness, but more death, than in England; and we know that in London, while the death-rate is comparatively low, the public-sickness rate seems to be higher than that of most continental cities. Mr. Rumsey believes that at present, in prolonging life, we prolong much in-

firmity, and that the less death we have the more sickness we have,—and shall have, until sanitary science shall have advanced several steps higher. "Facts," he says, "are accumulating to prove that the mere number of deaths occurring in any locality, bear no constant or even approximate ratio to the real amount of sickness existing there. As a necessary result of improvements in domestic management and medical treatment, and owing to the removal or absence of those more virulent agents of destruction which, by sharp and decisive strokes, prematurely sever the thread of life, its duration has been lengthened in our great cities; but at the same time the sickly and infirm period of existence has been prolonged probably in a greater degree than even life itself. Chronic diseases, or at least functional disorders, have increased. Vital force is lowered. Man's work is arrested; his duties are unperformed; his objects fail; though he still lives. Weakly, diseased children are now mercifully helped, as they never were in olden time, to grow up into weakly, ailing adults, who, in their turn, propagate with abnormal fecundity an unsound progeny. Is this true sanitary progress? Does it deserve the ostentatious parading an increasing death-rate?"

As our fathers left us no more statistics of sickness than are at present registering for the instruction of our children, we are unable to say nay to this picture. It is probable that under the old unwholesome conditions of life there was not only a great deal of killing, but also a great deal of crippling short of death, and even more general sickness, as well as more death, than there is among us now. But of that we know nothing. It is most true that we have never studied, and are still neglecting to study, with any accuracy, the statistics of sickness and health, to which the statistics of death, even if they were perfect, would afford no clue. So far as care of the body goes, it concerns a man more to know his risks of the fifty illnesses that may throw him on his back, than the possible date of the one death that must come, and of which the time is to him personally—in spite of libraries full of statistics—utterly unknown and uncertain. We join, therefore, in the demand for a registration of sickness that has not a fatal end, as well as for a more effective registration even of the births and of the causes of the deaths themselves. Let us have lists of the killed, and of the wounded too.

REJOICE!

In the warm grandeur of the summer-glows,
Gleaming and cold in Winter's frozen tears,
Casting a faded crimson on the snows,

Beauty in all appears—

The thunder-music of the winter floods,
The summer calms, the hush of solitudes.

This crowning beauty breathes upon the face,
Up through the fine pores of the scented flowers,
In the still stars her looks of love we trace

On quiet midnight hours;

Her dew-wet kisses to the morn are given;
Her lingering blushes tinge the cheek of even.

Beauty will oft her face in darkness shroud,

Yet lovely glances struggle through the storm:
'Tis the black bosom of the rainy cloud

Wears the bright rainbow's form.

A universal love, a good in ill
Worketh for man, yet cheats his human skill.

Closed in the city's cold and granite heart,
Lulled by the groaning murmur of the wheels,
The soul is lost in life, becomes a part

Of the fierce tide that steals

Throughout the city's long and sinuous veins,
The many-sounded streets, the lighted lanes:

Yet may the heart be far 'mong flowery fells,
Drinking the drowsy music of the bee,
Or dreaming joyous in the summer dells

Wrapt in rich poesy.

The spirit ne'er is chained by time or place,
Wild as the swallow in its airy chase.

Rejoice, O man! the winds sing out "Rejoice!"

Hark! it is whispered by the falling leaf,

A grand hope-echo like a seraph voice

Rings through the night of grief.

O God! how barren were thy gift of life

Devoid of flowers, with nought but weeds of strife!

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HAD Fortune decreed that I should be rich, I believe I would have been the most popular of men. There is such a natural kindness of disposition in me, blended with the most refined sense of discrimination. I love humanity in the aggregate, and, at the same time, with a rare delicacy of sentiment, I can follow through all the tortuous windings of the heart, and actually sympathise in emotions that I never experienced. No rank is too exalted, no lot too humble, for the exercise of my benevolence. I have sat in my arm-chair with a beating, throbbing heart, as I imagined the troubles of a king, and I have drunk my Bordeaux with tears of gratitude as I fancied myself a peasant with only water to slake his thirst. To a man of highly organised temperament, the privations themselves are not necessary to eliminate the feelings they would suggest. Coarser natures would require starvation to produce the sense of hunger, nakedness to cause that of cold, and so on; the gifted can be in rags, while enclosed in a wadded dressing-gown; they can go supperless to bed after a meal of oysters and toasted cheese; they can, if they will, be fatally wounded as they sit over their wine, or cast away after shipwreck with their feet on the fender. Great privileges all these; happy is he who has them, happy are they amidst whom he tries to spread the blessings of his inheritance!

Amid the many admirable traits which I recognise in myself—and of which I speak not boastfully, but gratefully, being accidents of my nature as far removed from my own agency as the colour of my eyes or the shape of my nose—of these, I say, I know of none more striking than such as fit me to be a patron. I am graceful as a lover, touching as a friend, but I am really great as a protector.

Revelling in such sentiments as these, I stood

at my window looking at the effect of moonlight on the Falls. It seemed to me as though in the grand spectacle before my eyes I beheld a sort of illustration of my own nature, wherein generous emotions could come gushing, foaming, and falling, and yet the source be never exhausted, the flood ever at full. I ought parenthetically to observe that the champagne was excellent, and that I had drunk the third glass of the second bottle to the health of the Widow Cliquot herself. Thus standing and musing, I was startled by a noise behind me, and, turning round, I saw one of the smallest of men in a little red Greek jacket and short yellow breeches, carefully engaged in spreading a small piece of carpet on the floor, a strip like a very diminutive hearth-rug. This done, he gave a little wild exclamation of "Ho!" and cut a somersault in the air, alighting on the flat of his back, which he announced by a like cry of "Ha!" He was up again, however, in an instant, and repeated the performance three times. He was about, as I judged by the arrangement of certain chairs, to proceed to other exercises equally diverting, when I stopped him by asking who he was.

"Your excellency," said he, drawing himself up to his full height of, say, four feet, "I am Vaterchen!"

Every one knows what provoking things are certain chance resemblances, how disturbing to the right current of thought, how subverting to the free exercise of reason. Now, this creature before me, in his deeply indented temples, high narrow forehead, aquiline nose, and resolute chin, was marvellously like a certain great field-marshal with whose features, notwithstanding the portraits of him, we are all familiar. It was not of the least use to me that I knew he was not the illustrious general, but simply a mountebank. There, were the stern traits, haughty and defiant, and do what I would, the thought of the great man would clash with the capers of the little one. Owing to this impression, it was impossible for me to address him without a certain sense of deference and respect.

"Will you not be seated?" said I, offering him a chair, and taking one myself. He accepted with all the quiet ease of good breeding, and smiled courteously as I filled a glass and passed it towards him.

I pressed my hand across my eyes for a moment while I reflected, and I muttered to myself,

"Oh, Potts, if instead of a tumbler this had really been the hero, what an evening might this be! Lives there that man in Europe so capable of feeling in all its intensity the glorious privilege of such a meeting? Who, like you, would listen to the wisdom distilling from those lips? Who would treasure up every trait of voice, accent, and manner, remembering, not alone every anecdote, but every expression? Who, like you, could have gracefully led the conversation so as to range over the whole wide ocean of that great life, taking in battles, and sieges, and stormings, and congresses, and scenes of all that is most varied and exciting in existence? Would not

the record of one such night, drawn by you, have been worth all the cold compilations and bleak biographies that ever were written? You would have presented him as he sat there in front of you." I opened my eyes to paint from the model, and there was the little dog, with his legs straight up on each side of his head and forming a sort of gothic arch over his face. The wretch had done the feat to amuse me, and I almost fainted with horror as I saw it.

"Sit down, sir," said I, in a voice of stern command. "You little know the misery you have caused me."

I refilled his glass and closed my eyes once more. In my old pharmaceutical experiences I had often made bread pills, and remembered well how, almost invariably, they had been deemed successful. What relief from pain to the agonised sufferer had they not given! What slumber to the sleepless! What appetite, what vigour, what excitement! Why should not the same treatment apply to morals as to medicine? Why, with faith to aid one, cannot he induce every wished-for mood of mind and thought? The lay figure to support the drapery suffices for the artist, the Venus herself is in his brain. Now, if that little fellow there would neither cut capers nor speak, I ask no more of him. Let him sit firmly as he does now, staring me boldly in the face that way.

"Yes," said I, "lay your hand on the arm of your chair so, and let the other be clenched thus." And so I placed him. "Never utter a word, but nod to me at rare intervals."

He has since acknowledged that he believed me to be deranged, but as I seemed a harmless case, and he could rely on his activity for escape, he made no objection to my directions. The less, too, that he enjoyed his wine immensely, and was at liberty to drink as he pleased.

"Now," thought I, "one glance, only one, to see that he poses properly."

All right, nothing could be better. His face was turned slightly to one side, giving what the painters call action to the head, and he was perfect. I now resigned myself to the working of the spell, and already I felt its influence over me. Where and with what was I to begin? Numberless questions thronged to my mind. I wanted to know a thousand disputed things, and fully as many that were only disputed by myself. I felt that as such another opportunity would assuredly never present itself twice in my life, that the really great use of the occasion would be to make every inquiry subsidiary to my own case, to make all my investigations what Germans would call "Potts-wise." My intensest anxiety was then to ascertain if, like myself, his grace started in life with very grand aspirations.

"Did you feel, for instance, when playing practical jokes on the maids of honour in Dublin, some sixty odd years ago, that you were only in sportive vein throwing off so much light ballast to make room for the weightier material that was to steady you in the storm-tossed sea before you? Have you experienced the almost

necessity of these little expansions of eccentricity as I have? Was there always in your heart, as a young man, as there is now in mine, a profound contempt for the opinions of your contemporaries? Did you continually find yourself repeating, 'Respecte finem! Mark where I shall be yet?' There was another investigation which touched me still more closely, but it was long before I could approach it. I saw all the difficulty and the delicacy of the inquiry, but with that same recklessness of consequences which would make me catch at a queen by the back hair if I was drowning, I clutched at this discovery now, and although trembling at my boldness, asked: "Was your grace ever afraid? I know the impertinence of the question, but if you only guessed how it concerns me, you'd forgive it. Nature has made me many things, but not courageous. Nothing on earth could induce me to risk life; the more I reason about it the greater grows my repugnance. Now, I would like to hear, is this what anatomists call congenital? Am I likely to grow out of it? Shall I ever be a dare-devil, intrepid, fire-eating sort of creature? How will the change come over me? Shall I feel it coming? Will it come from within, or through external agencies? and when it has arrived, what shall I become? Am I destined to drive the Zouaves into the sea by a bayonet charge of the North Cork Rifles, or shall I only be great in council, and take weekly trips in the Fairy to Cowes? I'd like to know this, and begin a course of preparation for my position, as I once knew of a militia captain who hardened himself for a campaign by sleeping every night with his head on the window-stool."

As I opened my eyes I saw the stern features in front of me. I thought the words, "I was never afraid, sir!" rang through my brain till they filled every ventricle with their din.

"Not at Assaye?"

"No, sir."

"Not at the Douro?"

"No, sir."

"Not at Torres Vedras?"

"I tell you again, no, sir!"

Whether I uttered this last with any uncommon degree of vehemence or not, I so frightened Vaterchen that he cut a somersault clean over the chair, and stood grinning at me through the rails at the back of it. I motioned to him to be reseated, while, passing my hand across my brow, I waved away the bright illusions that beset me, and, with a heavy sigh, re-entered the dull world of reality.

"You are a clown," said I, meditatively. "What is a clown?"

He did not answer me in words, but, placing his hands on his knees, stared at me steadfastly, and then, having fixed my attention, his face performed a series of the most fearful contortions I ever beheld. With one horrible spasm he made his mouth appear to stretch from ear to ear; with another, his nose wagged from side to side; with a third, his eyebrows went up and down alternately, giving the different sides of his face two directly antagonistic expressions.

I was shocked and horrified, and called to him to desist.

"And yet," thought I, "there are natures who can delight in these, and see in them matter for mirth and laughter!"

"Old man," said I, gravely, "has it ever occurred to you that in this horrible commixture of expression, wherein grief wars with joy and sadness with levity, you are like one who, with a noble instrument before him, should, instead of sweet sounds of harmony, produce wild, unearthly discords, the jangling bursts of fiend-like voices?"

"The Tintefleck can play indifferently well, your excellency," said he, humbly. "I never had any skill that way myself."

Oh, what a crassa natura was here! What a triple wall of dulness surrounds such dark intelligences!

"And where is the Tintefleck? Why is she not here?" asked I, anxious to remove the discussion to a ground of more equality.

"She is without, your excellency. She did not dare to present herself till your excellency had desired, and is waiting in the corridor."

"Let her come in," said I, grandly; and I drew my chair to a distant corner of the room so as to give them a wider area to appear in, while I could at the same time assume that attitude of splendid ease and graceful protection I have seen a prince accomplish on the stage at the moment the ballet is about to begin. The door opened, and Vaterchen entered leading Tintefleck by the hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I WAS quite right—Tintefleck's entrée was quite dramatic. She tripped into the room with a short step, nor arrested her run till she came close to me, when, with a deep curtsy, she bent down very low, and then, with a single spring backward, retreated almost to the door again. She was very pretty—dark enough to be a Moor, but with a rich brilliancy of skin never seen amongst that race, for she was a Calabrian; and as she stood there, with her arms crossed before her, and one leg firmly advanced, and with the foot—a very pretty foot—well planted, she was like—all the Italian peasants one has seen in the National Gallery for years back. There was the same look, half defiant, half shy; the same elevation of sentiment in the brow, and the same coarseness of the mouth; plenty of energy, enough and to spare of daring; but no timidity, no gentleness.

"What is she saying?" asked I of the old man, as I overheard a whisper pass between them. "Tell me what she has just said to you." "It is nothing, your excellency—she is a fool."

"That she may be, but I insist on hearing what it was she said."

He seemed embarrassed and ashamed, and instead of replying to me, turned to address some words of reproach to the girl.

"I am waiting for your answer," said I, pe-remptorily.

"It is the saucy way she has gotten, your excellency, all from over-flattery; and now that she sees there is no audience here, none but your excellency, she is impatient to be off again. She'll never do anything for us on the night of a thin house."

"Is this the truth, Tintefleck?" asked I.

With a wild volubility, of which I could not gather a word, but every accent of which indicated passion, if not anger, she poured out something to the other, and then turned as if to leave the room. He interposed quickly, and spoke to her, at first angrily, but at last in a soothing and entreating tone, which seemed gradually to calm her.

"There is more in this than you have told, Vaterchen," said I. "Let me know at once why she is impatient to get away."

"I would leave it to herself to tell your excellency," said he, with much confusion, "but that you could not understand her mountain dialect. The fact is," added he, after a great struggle with himself—"the fact is, she is offended at your calling her 'Tintefleck.' She is satisfied to be so named amongst ourselves, where we all have similar nicknames; but that you, a great personage, high, and rich, and titled, should do so, wounds her deeply. Had you said—"

Here he whispered me in my ear, and almost inadvertently I repeated after him "Catinka."

"Si, si, Catinka," said she, while her eyes sparkled with an expression of wildest delight, and at the same instant she bounded forward and kissed my hand twice over.

I was glad to have made my peace, and placing a chair for her at the table, I filled out a glass of wine and presented it. She only shook her head in dissent, and pushed it away.

"She has odd ways in everything," said the old man; "she never eats but bread and water. It is her notion, that if she were to taste other food she'd lose her gift of fortune-telling."

"So, then, she reads destiny, too?" said I, in astonishment.

Before I could inquire further, she swept her hands across the strings of her guitar, and broke out into a little peasant song. It was very monotonous, but pleasing. Of course I knew nothing of the words nor the meaning, but it seemed as though one thought kept ever and anon recurring in the melody, and would continue to rise to the surface, like the air bubbles in a well. Satisfied apparently by the evidences of my approval, she had no sooner finished than she began another. This was somewhat more pretentious, and, from what I could gather, represented a parting scene between a lover and his mistress. There was, at least, a certain action in the song which intimated this. The fervent earnestness of the lover, his entreaties, his prayers, and at last his threatenings, were all given with effect, and there was actually good acting in the stolid defiance she opposed to all; she rejected his vows, refused his pledges, scorned his menaces; but when he had gone and left her, when she

saw herself alone and desolate, then came out a gush of the most passionate sorrow, all the pent-up misery of a heart that seemed to burst with its weight of agony.

If I was in a measure entranced while she was singing, such was the tension of my nerves as I listened, that I was heartily glad when it was over. As for her, she seemed so overcome by the emotion she had parodied, that she bent her head down, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed twice or thrice convulsively.

I turned towards Vaterchen to ask him some question, I forget what, but the little fellow had made such good use of the decanter beside him while the music went on, that his cheeks were a bright crimson, and his little round eyes shone like coals of fire.

"This young creature should never have fallen amongst such as you!" said I, indignantly; "she has feeling and tenderness—the powers of expression she wields all evidence a great and gifted nature. She has, so to say, noble qualities."

"Noble, indeed!" croaked out the little wretch, with a voice hoarse from the strong Burgundy.

"She might, with proper culture, adorn a very different sphere," said I, angrily. "Many have climbed the ladder of life with humbler pretensions."

"Ay, and stand on one leg on top of it, playing the tambourine all the time," hiccuped he in reply.

I did not fancy the way he carried out my figure, but went on with my reflections:

"Some, but they are few, achieve greatness at a bound—"

"That's what she does," broke he in. "Twelve hoops and a drum behind them, at one spring—she comes through like a flying-fish."

I don't know what angry rejoinder was on my lips to this speech, when there came a tap at my door. I arose at once and opened it. It was François, with a polite message from Mrs. Keats, to say how happy it would make her "if I felt well enough to join her and Miss Herbert at tea." For a second or two I knew not what to reply. That I was "well enough" François was sure to report, and in my flushed condition I was, perhaps, the picture of an exaggerated state of convalescence; so, after a moment's hesitation, I muttered out a blundering excuse, on the plea of having a couple of friends with me, "who had chanced to be just passing through the town on their way to Italy."

I did not think François had time to report my answer, when I heard him again at the door. It was, with his mistress's compliments, to say, she "would be charmed if I would induce my friends to accompany me."

I had to hold my hand on my side with laughter as I heard this message, so absurd was the proposition, and so ridiculous seemed the notion of it. This, I say, was the first impression made upon my mind; and then, almost as suddenly, there came another and very different one. "What is the mission you have embraced,

Potts?" asked I of myself. "If it have a but or an object, is it not to overthrow the mean and unjust prejudices, the miserable class distinctions, that separate the rich from the poor, the great from the humble, the gifted from the ignorant? Have you ever proposed to yourself a nobler conquest than over that vulgar tyranny by which prosperity lords it over humble fortune? Have you imagined a higher triumph than to make the man of purple and fine linen feel happy in the companionship of him in smock-frock and high-lows? Could you ask for a happier occasion to open the campaign than this? Mrs. Keats is an admirable representative of her class; she has all the rigid prejudices of her condition; her sympathies may rise, but they never fall; she can feel for the sorrows of the well-born, she has no concern for vulgar afflictions. How admirable the opportunity to show her that grace, and genius, and beauty are of all ranks! And Miss Herbert, too, what a test it will be of *her*! If she really have greatness of soul, if there be in her nature a spirit that rises above petty conventionalities and miserable ceremonials, she will take this young creature to her heart like a sister. I think I see them with arms entwined—two lovely flowers on one stalk—the dark crimson rose and the pale hyacinth! Oh, Potts! this would be a wabler victory to achieve than to rend battalions with grape, or ride down squadrons with the crash of cavalry.—I will come, François," said I. "Tell Mrs. Keats that she may expect us immediately." I took especial care in my dialogue to keep this prying fellow outside the room, and to interpose in every attempt that he made to obtain a peep within. In this I perfectly succeeded, and dismissed him without his being able to report any one circumstance about my two travelling friends.

My next task was to inform them of my intentions on their behalf; nor was this so easy as might be imagined, for Vaterchen had indulged very freely with the wine, and all the mountains of Calabria lay between myself and Tintefleck. With a great exercise of ingenuity, and more of patience, I did at last succeed in making known to the old fellow that a lady of the highest station and her friend were curious to see them. He only caught my meaning after some time, but when he had surmounted the difficulty, as though to show me how thoroughly he understood the request, and how nicely he appreciated its object, he began a series of face contortions of the most dreadful kind, being a sort of programme of what he intended to exhibit to the distinguished company. I repressed this firmly, severely. I explained that an artist in all the relations of private life should be ever the gentleman; that the habits of the stage were no more necessary to carry into the world than the costume. I dilated upon the fact that John Kemble had been deemed fitting company by the First Gentleman of Europe; and that if his manner could have exposed him to a criticism, it was in, perhaps, a slight tendency to

an over-reserve, a cold and almost stern dignity. I'm not sure Vaterchen followed me completely, nor understood the anecdotes I introduced about Edmund Kean and Lord Byron, but I now addressed myself pictorially to Tintefleck—pictorially, I say, for words were hopeless. I signified that a *très grande dame* was about to receive her. I arose, with my skirts expanded in both hands, made a reverent curtsy, throwing my head well back, and looking every inch a duchess. But alas for my powers of representation! she burst into a hearty laugh, and had at last to lay her head on Vaterchen's shoulder out of pure exhaustion.

"Explain to her what I have told you, sir, and do not sit grinning at me there, like a baboon," said I, in a severe voice.

I cannot say how he acquitted himself, but I could gather that a very lively altercation ensued, and it seemed to me as though she resolutely refused to subject herself to any further ordeals of what academicians call a "private view." No; she was ready for the ring and the sawdust, and the drolleries of the men with chalk on their faces, but she would not accept high life on any terms. By degrees and by arguments of his own ingenious devising, however, he did succeed, and at last she arose with a bound, and cried out, "Eccomi!"

"Remember," said I to Vaterchen, as we left the room, "I am doing that which few would have the courage to dare. It will depend upon the dignity of your conduct, the grace of your manners, the well-bred ease of your address, to make me feel proud of my intrepidity, or, sad and painful possibility, retire covered with ineffable shame and discomfiture. Do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly," said he, standing erect, and giving even in his attitude a sort of bail bond for future dignity. "Lead on!"

This was more familiar than he had been yet; but I ascribed it to the tension of nerves strung to a high purpose, and rendering him thus inaccessible to other thoughts than of the enterprise before him.

As I neared the door of Mrs. Keats's apartment, I hesitated as to how I should enter. Ought I to precede my friends, and present them as they followed? Or would it seem more easy and more assured if I were to give my arm to Tintefleck, leaving Vaterchen to bring up the rear? After much deliberation, this appeared to be the better course, seeming to take for granted that, although some peculiarities of costume might ask for explanation later on, I was about to present a very eligible and charming addition to the company.

I am scarcely able to say whether I was or was not reassured by the mode in which she accepted the offer of my arm. At first, the proposition appeared unintelligible, and she looked at me with one of those wide-eyed stares, as though to say, "What new gymnastic is this? What *tour de force*, of which I never heard before?" and then, with a sort of jerk, she threw

my arm up in the air and made a pirouette under it, of some half dozen whirls.

Half reprovingly, I shook my head, and offered her my hand. This she understood at once. She recognised such a mode of approach as legitimate and proper, and with an artistic shake of her drapery with the other hand, and a confident smile, she signified she was ready to go "on."

I was once on a time thrown over a horse's head into a slate quarry, a very considerable drop it was, and nearly fatal; on another occasion, I was carried in a small boat over the fall of a salmon weir, and hurried along in the flood for almost three hundred yards; each of these was a situation of excitement and peril, and with considerable confusion as the consequence; and yet I could deliberately recount you every passing phase of my terror, from my first fright down to my complete unconsciousness, with such small traits as would guarantee truthfulness; while of the scene upon which I now adventured I preserve nothing beyond the vaguest and most unconnected memory.

I remember my advance into the middle of the room. I have a recollection of a large silver tea-urn, and beyond it a lady in a turban; another with long ringlets there was. The urn made a noise like a small steamer, and there was a confusion of voices—about what, I cannot tell—that increased the uproar, and we were all standing up and all talking together; and there was what seemed an angry discussion, and then the large turban and the ringlets swept haughtily past me. The turban said, "This is too much, sir!" and ringlets added, "Far too much, sir!" and as they reached the door, there was Vaterchen on his head, with a branch of candles between his feet to light them out, and Tintelfleck, screaming with laughter, threw herself into an arm-chair, and clapped a most riotous applause.

I stood a moment almost transfixed, then dashed out of the room, hurried up-stairs to my chamber, bolted the door, drew a great clothes-press against it for further security, and then threw myself upon my bed in one of those paroxysms of mad confusion in which a man cannot say whether he is on the verge of inevitable ruin, or has just been rescued from a dreadful fate. I would not, if even I could, recount all that I suffered that night. There was not a scene of open shame and disgrace that I did not picture to myself as incurring. I was everywhere in the stocks or the pillory. I wore a wooden placard on my breast, inscribed, "Potts, the Impostor." I was running at top speed before hooting and yelling crowds. I was standing with a circle of protecting policemen amidst a mob eager to tear me to pieces. I was sitting on a hard stool while my hair was being cropped à la Pentonville, and a grey suit lay ready for me when it was done. But enough of such a dreary record. I believe I cried myself to sleep at last, and so soundly, too, that it was very late in the afternoon ere I awoke. It was the sight of the barricade I had

erected at my door gave me the clue to the past, and again I buried my face in my hands, and wept bitterly.

SILK FOR THE MULTITUDE.

SILK has been gradually getting dearer and dearer, with little prospect of a more abundant supply. The silkworms of Europe have been stricken with disease, at various stages of their growth, which has carried them off by millions and millions, before they reached the spinning point. The cause of the malady is not quite clear: crowding of the worms in insufficiently ventilated "magnaneries," or silkworm-houses; adverse seasons, affecting the health either of the caterpillars themselves or of the trees on whose leaves they feed; the taking of the eggs (or the grain, as our continental friends call it) from moths which have had their silk wound from them, instead of passing the whole of their time in the cocoon; these and other causes of failure have been suggested, without leading to the discovery of a remedy.

As in the case of the potato disease, endeavours have been made to find a substitute for the organism which appears to be lingering under a damaged constitution. No substitute for the potato has been found; to replace the silkworm appeared even more difficult. If soil and atmosphere are congenial, a plant will thrive; but, an insect requires more: it must be fed. The feeding part is the only reason why silk cannot be profitably cultivated in the British islands. Shelter, temperature, dryness moisture, and attendance, are, as far as can be ascertained, quite sufficiently at our command to ensure success. But the delicate white mulberry-tree, whose leaves must constitute the food of the ravenous larvæ, refuses to adapt itself to our short and cloudy summers. It cannot ripen its wood to resist winter frosts, and it drags along a pitiable sickly existence when subjected to the severe process of being stripped of its leaves, which often proves fatal. Even in the climate of Italy, the mulberry-trees, stripped for silkworms, are obliged to be treated with the greatest care, to be swathed with wet hay-bands, suffered to rest alternate seasons, and, in short, to be tended like invalids whose life is at the same time valuable and precarious.

It is clear, then, that the only available substitute for the ordinary old-established silkworm must be a caterpillar not merely more robust in constitution and equally profitable as a silk-producer (either in respect to quantity or quality), but at least as easily, and, if possible, more easily fed. The first hit, happy in some respects, was most unfortunate in the main point of all. In the beginning of 1854, news was brought to France that there existed in India a species of bombyx, or silkworm, which lived on the ricinus, or castor-oil plant. We ought to call it the castor-oil-tree; for although, here, it is a tender annual attaining a height of from four to six feet only, in our hottest summers and most sheltered

situations, and being burnt black at the slightest touch of frost, yet, in countries where the winter temperature never descends below freezing-point it becomes a tree of very striking aspect, with large and richly-tinted foliage. The further south you travel in Europe, the finer stature do the castor-oil plants attain in autumn; but all are doomed to perish unless removed under shelter, until you reach some favoured spots in Italy, such as certain environs of Naples, where it remains out-doors all winter long, sadly torn by the winds, certainly, but still surviving. The ricinus is much more ornamental in its tree than in its plant condition, and it is worth all the trouble which it gives the gardener to grow it as an arborescent specimen anywhere in Northern Europe. Of course if planted out in summer it must be removed, at the beginning of October, or earlier, to a green-house or orangery, in a tub or box, by the appliances with which skilful horticulturists are well acquainted. During the past summer there was a handsome castor-oil tree in the little garden at the foot of the Tour de St. Jacques, Paris, growing, apparently, in the open ground. It has retreated now to its winter quarters, which, if not furnished apartments, at least enjoy the comfort of a fire.

In the same year, 1854, M. Milne Edwards, one of the Professors of the Museum of Natural History, Paris, received eggs of this silkworm from Signor Baruffi, of Turin, who obtained them, through Signor Bergonzi, from Sir William Reed, Governor of Malta, to whom they were sent from Calcutta by Mr. Piddington. These eggs produced about fifty individuals, in perfect health. At the same time, the Paris Society of Acclimatization, having obtained eggs from the same liberal source, commenced a set of experiments there. Trials of the castor-oil silkworm were also made at Malta, Palermo, and Messina (where the ricinus grows abundantly), at Turin, at Valencia, in Spain in Algeria, and lastly at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, and especially in the reptile-house, where perfect success in propagating the insect was attained.

One of the great merits of this new species is the rapidity with which its various metamorphoses follow each other—the hatching of the eggs, the successive moultings of the caterpillar, the reclusion of the nymph, the development of the moth, and the laying of fresh eggs. The more rapidly those phases are run through, the less is the danger of disease, and also the quicker are the returns. Six or seven crops of silk can be obtained in a year; and it is said that in India they come on earlier still, amounting to as many as twelve per annum: for the female lays in less than twenty-four hours after her escape from the chrysalis, in which she remains about a fortnight. The perfect insect is large, strong, and handsome, light-fawn coloured, with a few wavy streaks of dirty-white, yellow, and black. The cocoon is orange-yellow, like that of the common silkworm; the silk is less beautiful, but remarkably strong. In many parts of India it is

used for the every-day clothing of the poorer classes all the year round, while everybody wears it during the cold season. The stuff made from it is coarse and loose in texture, but lasts for ever, a dress of it passing from mother to daughter. If our manufacturers could get an unlimited supply of such silk they would turn it to a hundred useful and ornamental purposes; but there is no prospect of obtaining in Europe any considerable quantity of a raw material which depends on the castor-oil-tree for its production. Wintering plants in boxes, in green-houses, for the feeding of silkworms, is out of the question; even heated orchard-houses can be turned to much more remunerative account; and seedling plants do not attain sufficient vigour to feed caterpillars with their leaves until the summer is too far advanced. This bombyx will eat lettuce leaves—and also, it is said, willow and thistle leaves—but the cocoons so obtained are one-third less in size, and are probably inferior in strength of filament. To show how little hope was entertained of any practical benefit from the castor-oil silkworm, the whole of the original stock sent from Calcutta was suffered to become extinct, except the colonies in Algeria and those under the care of the Society of Acclimatization.

The sericultural experiment failing, another has been tried by M. Guérin-Méneville, which promised better from the very outset. His bombyx, a native of China, is the silkworm which feeds on the leaves of the *Ailanthus glandulosus*, improperly termed by the French the Vernis du Japon, or the Japan varnish. Now the *Ailanthus*, which was introduced to Europe some hundred years ago, is a vigorous, perfectly hardy tree, which cares nothing for our winters, and which throughout summer produces an abundance of large, pinnacled, somewhat coarse leaves; but what is that to us, so long as the silkworms like them? It is a favourite as an ornamental town tree, partly on account of its handsome carriage, and partly because it offers considerable resistance to the noxious influences to which plants are exposed in towns. It is not nice about soil or aspect. Its lofty stature is an inconvenience both for the gathering of its leaves and for allowing the caterpillars to feed on it at liberty in the open air; but then it submits to be cut down, sending up plenty of stout suckers from the stump, so that it is easily kept in a bushy state which allows the formation of *ailanthus* thickets or shrubberies. You may see healthy trees in the Boulevards of Paris; but, what is of the greatest importance, the *ailanthus* makes itself quite as much at home in England as in France. Of the waggon-loads of leaves it would give with the apronfuls to be had from the mulberry and the handfuls from the ricinus, there is no comparison.

Any reasonable number of *ailanthuses* may be had during the present planting-season by advertising in the Gardeners' Chronicle; and we have the satisfactory certainty that, if properly planted, they will grow and flourish with no

more care than is needed for elm or oak. The first great point is, therefore, gained—sure and abundant pasture for the silkworms. The climates of Paris and of a great part of England are sufficiently similar to make it highly probable that any living creature which thrives in the one will do so in the other, especially when it is of a kind which may be sheltered in buildings during the whole of its existence. The savants who were so interested about the castor-oil bombyx, have hardly troubled themselves with that of the *ailanthus*; never mind, M. Guérin-Méneville has succeeded all the same. A year ago, he was received by the Emperor of the French, to announce to his Majesty the introduction and the acclimation in France of a new Chinese silkworm, which gives two crops of cocoons per annum, lives in the open air on a hardy tree, and produces a very strong silky material which has served for centuries in China as the clothing of entire populations. Success, then, being certain, he prayed to be allowed to make a final experiment on a large scale, in order to convince agriculturists that they might make handsome profits by rearing the new domestic insect stranger.

But such attempts, he fairly urged, cannot be undertaken either by scientific men, who are mostly without fortune, nor by small farmers, who live from hand to mouth: it is for large landed proprietors, the patrons of agriculture, to open the way. It was therefore hoped that the first patron of French agriculture, the Emperor, would deign to come to the aid of the poorer agricultural classes, by instituting in his own domains a practical experiment sufficient to establish this new source of riches on the soil of France. To Henry the Fourth the country owes the silk of the rich, to Napoleon the Third, courteous history will record, she owes the silk of the people. In 1599, a great king wished to patronise the introduction of a silkworm, but a great minister, Sully, was hostile to the enterprise: at the present epoch, it is again a great sovereign who patronises the introduction of a new silkworm, but it is impossible that a minister could now be found who would repeat the error committed by Sully.

Words chanted to such tunes as this have charmed duller ears than those of Napoleon the Third. The Ministers of Agriculture and of Algeria enabled M. Guérin-Méneville to commence experiments on a large scale on the estates of proprietors who placed the *ailanthuses* in their parks at his disposal; while the Minister of the Emperor's Household ordered the planting of five thousand *ailanthuses* in the imperial domain of La Sologne, in order to make practical trial of the new caterpillar's real merits. The result up to the present day, of which we propose to give an abstract, was detailed in a Report of the Emperor, in the official part of the *Moniteur* for November 19th, 1860. The honour thus conferred upon it is a proof that the attempt is at least thought worthy of being continued further.

It was in the spring of 1857 that Monsieur Guérin-Méneville first endeavoured to introduce the *ailanthus* silkworm into France; but he did not succeed until the 5th of July, 1858. The acclimation, or rather let us call it the naturalisation, of these humble creatures, is much more difficult than that of superior animals; which may be safely entrusted to careful shepherds, herdsmen, or keepers. Such tender importations as exotic silkworms demand the constant attention of the acclimator himself. In this case it does not suffice to have a pocket well furnished with the requisite funds; it is absolutely necessary to work at the matter personally, and that almost day and night. The rest of the year 1858 was so employed by M. Guérin-Méneville. At the same time, La Comtesse Drouyn de Lhuys undertook an autumnal rearing of the caterpillars, and was rewarded for her pains by the Acclimatising Society's first-class medal.

M. Méneville holds that a species cannot be regarded as acclimatised until it is demonstrated that it can live in the locality to which it is introduced as well as in its native country; that its produce can be turned to a useful purpose; and that agriculturists will find their advantage in rearing or raising it on an extensive scale. The two first points were proved after the conclusion of the season of 1858; for the new Chinese silkworm had attained several generations in France; and its silk, both in the thread and woven, both unbleached and dyed, manufactured in Alsace, was laid before his imperial majesty, side by side with that of the *ricinus* species. The *ailanthus* cocoons furnish carded silk which is superior, both in lustre and strength, to that obtained from those out of which mulberry silkworms have eaten their way. Now, carded silk is a textile material in great request by manufacturers. France consumes a great deal more than she produces, having imported, in 1858, nearly two and a half millions of pounds. The town of Roubaix alone employs considerably more than three hundred thousand pounds a year in the manufacture of her famous fancy goods, which are composed of a mixture of carded silk and wool, thread, cotton, &c.

Be it understood, however, that the silk of the *ailanthus* caterpillar is not expected to supersede that of the mulberry. It is comparatively inferior in quality; it has not the brilliant lustre of the best silks to which we are accustomed. Moreover, the cocoons have not as yet yielded to the treatment applied to mulberry cocoons; they have not been reeled off in skeins, but only carded, and then spun. But in January of the present year, M. Méneville exhibited to the Academy of Sciences four specimens of stuff woven in China, with threads of *ailanthus* cocoons; their inspection led to the belief that the Chinese have discovered a method of reeling off the raw silk from the cocoon in skeins. If the same result is attained in Europe, of which there can hardly be a doubt, the produce of this new branch of agriculture will be at least tripled. Still, the new

silk (to be called ailanthine) promises to become an important article of commerce. Its easy culture, the wide range of country throughout which it may be grown, and its consequently moderate price, destine it for the daily usages of the great masses of the population. Manufacturers have never enough silk, nor enough cotton; and it is probable that many years will elapse before they have enough ailanthine, when once it finds its way into the general market. It takes most dyes well; it is strong, and must be cheap. It will be the silk for work-days and for working-people.

The task to be performed, in 1859, was to prove that agriculturists might derive a profit from the culture of the ailanthus and its silkworm. On the 15th of May, M. Méneville went to Toulon, and on M. Aguillon's property, reared caterpillars on a considerable scale and in the open air. A little later, he put M. le Comte de Lamote-Baracé in a position to make an experiment still larger in its proportions, at the Château du Coudray, near Chinon (Indre-et-Loire). Four thousand five hundred silkworms were placed upon flourishing thickets of ailanthus, which had been grown as bushes with that intention. Their development progressed admirably, and they gave 3515 excellent cocoons, after supporting, without injury, rain and heavy storms, and with no extraordinary precautions taken to protect them from the attacks of birds. This is a remarkable result; for, with ordinary silkworms, the loss of individuals is well known to amount to at least one-half.

But the summer of 1859 was very fine, and Chinon lies quite in the warm interior of France. We want to know what would happen under less favourable circumstances. An eye-witness, M. Lucien Platt, informs us that last summer, i.e. 1860, in the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, they stood the rain day after day, without losing their hold of a leaf or losing a bite. On the contrary, they continued in perfect health; you could see them grow. Besides the two principal experiments just mentioned, M. Méneville tried others, not less conclusive, in various parts of France, as well as at the experimental garden of Hamma, in Algeria. It is clear, therefore, from these essays, that the new silkworm will give, in France (south of Paris), two crops a year; that it can be reared in the open air, and almost without putting a hand to work; for it has only to be placed on ailanthus bushes, according to the immemorial practice of the Chinese. The details of the rearing process are intelligible to the meanest capacity.

M. Méneville thinks that he is, at last, in a position to state, in figures, to the imperial government, the profits which farmers may expect to make by adopting the newly imported caterpillar. He has worked out a debtor and credit account, on the supposition that a proprietor devoted twelve acres (to take round English numbers) to the culture of ailanthine. The balance in his favour turned out so great, that he hesitated to believe in it. But after carefully studying the elements

of his figures; after consulting men of practical experience in all the details, and purposely exaggerating the expenses and diminishing the receipts, he arrives at this magnificent result: During a period of ten years, the average annual expenses would be 2030 francs, the average of possible receipts 9945 francs, leaving a net annual average profit of 7914 francs (say 330*l.* in round numbers) for the twelve acres, or 27*l.* 10*s.* per acre, and this from poor ground, be it remembered, whose slope or whose poverty unfits it for growing scarcely anything else.

But in the northern departments of France, and for the same reason in Great Britain and Ireland, only one crop of cocoons can be expected per annum. Nevertheless, if we diminish the profits by one half, *without diminishing a farthing of the expenses*, a very pretty little balance will remain. Many a small farmer would whistle gaily as he pocketed sixteen pounds fifteen shillings, the nett return of an acre of land through which he would not, or could not, drive the plough. But we may take the practical truth to be, that time alone can verify any balance, or any set of figures, in such an utterly novel project as this. The important inquiry to be made is, Has M. Méneville made out a good and promising case? We think it cannot be denied that he has. The new insect appears to be of a robust constitution, and of its favourite food there can be no lack. The only textile material with which ailanthine is likely to compete, is cotton; but instead of proving cotton's competitor, it may turn out to be cotton's ally, combining with it, the one strengthening and beautifying the other. In short, no one can exactly guess what unexpected uses the future may develop. M. Méneville is working out the problem by studying the bases of its general employment, which comprise: the culture of the ailanthus in lands hitherto uncultivated, the rearing of its silkworm, the purchase of cocoons or of the silk carded from them, and the spinning of the produce.

The English public are wisely averse to hasty and ill-considered schemes; but mulberry silk was a doubtful scheme in Europe not quite three hundred years ago. Swedes and mangel-wurzel were all innovating schemes in their day; which has not prevented their taking root in the land, to the nation's manifest advantage. It will not be ruinous for private individuals to try a few ailanthus silkworms during the coming year; our zoological establishments, and perhaps some of our botanical, ought certainly to show us what they are like and what they can do; the numerous individuals, ladies, and children, who amuse themselves by rearing common silkworms on the leaves of the lettuce and the garden mulberry, will find equal amusement and more excitement in trying their hands at a novelty. The French possessors of the stock have shown themselves liberal in communicating it; they have manifested no jealous intention of keeping the importation all to themselves, and would no

doubt make a proper reply to proper applications made by proper persons.

Those who are inclined to experimentalise, may be told that the eggs of the ailanthus silkworm hatch at a temperature of from 18° to 20° centigrade, or from 64° to 68° of Fahrenheit. It stands to reason that they must be kept in a cool place until the ailanthus plants are well in leaf. When hatched, the young caterpillars may be placed either on ailanthus leaves in a tray, or on young branches furnished with leaves, and whose extremities are stuck into a jar of water. After the first moult, they may be transferred to the growing trees and left there in the open air until the cocoons are ready to be gathered. M. Méneville advises the stems of the ailanthus plants to be cut down level with the ground, and only to use the suckers of the same year, which will start with great vigour. In the spring, all last year's shoots must be pruned close, so that your ailanthus copse consists only of ligneous stumps and herbaceous branches, whose large and succulent leaves are more suitable for feeding the worms than those produced on the tops of tall trees. The ailanthus may be planted in rows or in quincunx; it will grow even in stony soils where little else that is useful, except the vine, will thrive—and that demands a far better climate with the best of aspects.

The cocoons are oval; their colour is exactly that of a dead leaf. The caterpillar is larger than the mulberry silkworm. It is of a mealy green, very difficult to describe, marked with black spots. Its spiny tubercles are bluish green. The feet, head, and the last segment of the body are light yellow; in short, it is as pretty a caterpillar as you would wish to see. The moth is clad in more sombre hues. Finally, it was introduced into Europe by two Piedmontese naturalists, Signore Griseri and Comba, who received it from Father Fantoni, a missionary in China. Who will try whether it can or cannot be turned to good account in the United Kingdom?

A PUBLIC RECEPTION.

THE sign manual which I am in the habit of attaching to my familiar letters, formal documents, cheques, and receipts, is Badger Spring Badger. But I have not signed Spring Badger for months, having been what is grandly called a martyr to rheumatism. Friends tell me that this vulgar affection is completely gone out, and that I should take comfort in the more exquisite but genteeler suffering of what is called neuralgia. I wish it were gone out—of my wretched bones. Neuralgia or rheumatism, it is all one to me. I know that I have lain for weeks stiff and rigid as the ossified man; that an undue weight of bed-clothing seemed to fry and grill my flesh; that I could only turn by a slow and painful process, moving cautiously at about a hair's breadth per minute; and that a hasty movement, in a moment of forgetfulness, resulted in a yell

of such protracted agony as to bring all the members of the household rushing to my bedside. My eldest son, a fighting Indian warrior newly returned from the wars, being brought in, had to be cautioned against too filial a greeting: his hearty military warmth would have undone me utterly. My second son, who serves his sovereign not less honourably in harmless domestic warfare—I allude to the militia—comes rushing from his tented fields: I am compelled sternly to refuse his proffered hand. Both insist noisily on taking me northwards to the country. Alas, take down northwards to the country, unless for exhibition purposes, an ossified man and living skeleton!

The only thing that helped to soothe the latter stages of this wretched probation, was the opportune occurrence of a most interesting murder. I say it advisedly, a most interesting murder. But for the well-known Burton-on-Trent murder case I should have given way. It stimulated me. I had all the details read to me. How one Mr. William Rudd, of Burton-on-Trent, and manager of one of the opulent brewing firms, by a steady attention to business, became a paragon among the brewers. How, rising every day in estimation, he at last had the happiness of intermarrying with the opulent brewing firm's daughter. How they lived happily together. How it came to be remarked with surprise that Mr. William Rudd was falling into expensive tastes—keeping race-horses, four-in-hands, opera-boxes, besides other less excusable luxuries. How of a sudden he became very pressing with Mrs. William Rudd to effectuate a heavy policy on her life: a mere formality, as he put it. How Mrs. William Rudd was taken ill in a mysterious way shortly after, with spasms and sickness which the best medical advice could not account for; especially as after each visit of the best medical advice Mrs. William Rudd seemed to grow worse. How Mrs. William Rudd died eventually, and how the heavy policy was paid, with reluctance certainly. How the opulent brewing firm had dark suspicions; suspicions strengthened into certainty when a gentleman who was in the habit of drinking with Mr. William Rudd in familiar intercourse, died suddenly; Rudd having also, as a matter of pure form, effected a policy on his life. How the late Mr. William Rudd was taken up, and portions of Mrs. William Rudd sent up to London to Doctor Alkaly, F.R.S., for analysis. How Mr. William Rudd was eventually placed upon his trial. These things, I say, are familiar to the world, who for many weeks devoured all details greedily.

I was deep in the exciting trial. I had followed the convincing but uninteresting address of the state prosecutor, and found the wretched man at the bar Guilty unanimously. I had heard the bubbling enthusiastic harangue of the serjeant on the other side, and with my hand on my heart pronounced my own verdict of Not Guilty. I listened (from my bed) to Doctor Alkaly, F.R.S. (of London), who, in a curious series of experiments, had administered

a millionth part of a grain to a dog and caused instant death; and to Doctor Lithmus, F.R.S. (of Edinburgh), who had given double that quantity to another dog of Scottish extraction, without impairing the ordinary relish of the animal for his usual meals. To the Sunday papers, for the gorgeous richness of details and pre-Raphaelite delicacy of touches, I owe a debt of gratitude. Positively I was getting better under the Burton-on-Trent business; and, on a Monday morning, when my Indian warrior and his brother arrived to take me to the country, I found I could actually crawl, walking beautifully, with only suppressed gasps and spasms. But the learned judge was charging. At two o'clock, my domestic warrior enters with news that the jury had retired. At five o'clock, my Indian warrior returns with word that Mr. William Rudd had been found guilty, that the Scotch dog had been justly discredited, and Doctor Alkaly's terrier gloriously vindicated. The express leaves at half-past eight—the cab waits at the door. This time I was not more than half an hour reaching it. We drove as is customary at funerals, and yet these poor bones of the ossified man, how they cracked and pierced me, as though some one was striving savagely to snap them across his knee! Every stone that paves the court of Euston-square station was as a stab. We were in time, with fifteen minutes to spare.

It was a painful business the extrication of the ossified man and living skeleton, but it was done under cover of night. Wrapped in an enormous horseman's cloak of large folds, my poor swelled arms and wrists swathed in bandages, with a warm travelling-cap drawn well over my eyes and ears, I walked in the centre and leant painfully for support on my two warrior sons. The Indian, with his tall martial figure and coal-black beard, of which I was justly proud, held me tightly on one side, the domestic fighting lad propped me on the other. In this order we emerged on the platform, into the long lines of lamps, and trundling trucks, and flying porters, and the general hurly-burly waiting on departing expresses.

"What a crowd!" says the Indian warrior. A crowd, indeed, expectant, noisy, but respectable, with many policemen battling with them and keeping them back by persuasion and pressure. As we get near the carriages, a curious murmur bursts out; we are in an instant pressed on, hustled, and surrounded with a hundred faces, peering at us with a strange curiosity. "There he is!"—"There he is!"—"Yes, that's him!" (This was the ungrammatical interjection.)—"No, it isn't!"—"Keep back!"—"Let me see!"—"Who is it?" But policemen fight them off desperately, and we stand in a sort of ring at a first-class carriage. "What does it mean?" the Indian warrior says, doubtfully. My heart was beating proudly. I knew what it all meant. There, beside me, stood the brave but modest hero of Bundelcund, who had fought his way into the citadel, and through a murderous fire carried out the three European ladies on his crupper. His fame had travelled before him.

Heroes were dear and scarce in those days. The coal-black beard, the little decoration of the Griffin at his button-hole, had betrayed the secret. My voice trembled as I whispered, "My brave boy!"

A kind of superior policeman, a tightly-buttoned official, now came up and said to him,

"The governor sent word you were not coming until the next train."

I had sent no message of the kind, but I found he did not allude to me.

"What governor?" said my son.

"Colonel Cranker. I don't know what to do, I'm sure. You had better put him in here, I suppose."

I thought this tone a little contemptuous; but the unworthy feeling was all swallowed up in the high compliment to my son. This conduct of the high military authorities was considerate indeed. The behaviour of the mob, towards myself personally, was disgraceful: I happened to slip, entering the carriage, and was greeted with a roar of laughter intermingled with groans, and I heard low coarse remarks about the way I carried my poor swathed hands under my cloak. I distinctly heard one ruffian use the word "handcuffs."

"Of course, you'd wish this compartment all to yourself!" the official went on, locking the door smartly. Another graceful compliment to my brave boy.

"By no means," I said, hastily. "Thank you, very much; but I like company."

"Well," he said, taking no notice of my remark, "what shall you do?"

"Leave the door open, of course," said my son, "as he wishes it."

"Oh, just as you like," the official said; "you know best, of course," then went away; and, coming again, said, carelessly, "the Wan will meet you at Stafford, eh?"

"I have not heard," I said, doubtfully, overpowered at this new attention; "I suppose it's all right."

"I say," the official says again, not heeding me as before, "is the wan to meet you at Stafford?"

"I believe so—I hope so," my brave boy answered, confidently. Then the other went his way.

I do believe that the English, when gratifying their curiosity, are the worst-behaved people in the world. The conduct of the passengers—first-class passengers—on this occasion, defies description. I could allow much for a generous enthusiasm towards one who had fought and bled for his country; but it was pushed to the verge of ill manners; it was brutal. I sat, as I have mentioned, in the centre, wrapped in my cloak, with a son on each side. Persons crowded at the window, stared their fill, and then gave place to others; gentlemen, under specious pretext of taking a place there, brought in their bags and packages, sat a few moments with eyes riveted on my person, then withdrew hurriedly. A demure lady entered presently, took out her yellow railway volume and began to read, unconscious of who was near her. A gentleman

sate down beside her and whispered: I saw her start as she looked at us; and again a thrill of pride passed through me. He was telling her the Indian episode.

"Let us go," she said, rising; "I grow sick. Let us get into the fresh air again." And, gathering up her skirts, she passed out hastily.

Extraordinary young person! Why should she grow sick? It struck me at the time that her mind must have been affected. It was altogether very flattering, but getting uncomfortable.

An old gentleman in a bright waistcoat, leaning his chin on a stick, placed himself in the seat exactly opposite to my son; and, leaning over, whispered to him hoarsely.

"Well, now it's over, it was a long business and a weary one!"

My brave boy looked down confused: he is as modest as a girl.

"We did our best," he said, smiling, "and pulled through somehow."

"You had a poor chance from the beginning: I always said so," the old gentleman went on.

"Perhaps so," said my son; "but the enemy was too strong for us to do much!"

"There was a fair trial," said the other, firing up, "and a jury of the British nation. What more would you ask?"

"I would have risked my life a thousand times," said my son, with a generous warmth, "to have brought away the body of the poor murdered lady; but burdened as I was with three others on my crupper——"

"God bless my soul, I never heard that!"

"It is true, sir," my son added, with a little heat.

"Yes, sir," I struck in, "Christian charity and that holy religion of which I trust we are common members, teaches——"

He was looking at me in such blank astonishment that I stopped. I thought I heard him murmur,

"Well, this beats——"

Official at the window again, with a nod:

"I say, we have made it all right about the Wan; telegraphed down, eh?"

"Thank you a thousand times," I answered; "why put yourself to such trouble?"

He stopped, looked at me with a comic expression, then went his way, smiling. Most extraordinary!

The bell, a scream of the whistle, and we go off. The old gentleman is our only companion, but my brave boy, wounded by the tone of his last remarks, declines conversation. The cold of the night pierces into my bones. I am racked with pains: all my joints are being fractured. As the night advances, the old gentleman stoops forward, and in the same low whisper, which I hear perfectly, asks,

"It is fixed for Saturday fortnight, is it not?"

"What is fixed?" said my brave boy, who was a little sleepy.

"The—the—you know—the public Reception," I add, wishing to help him out.

He looked at me again with astonishment.

"Public reception? Well, you *do* speak of it coolly."

"Yes," said I, proudly, "it is enough to turn one's head."

"Turn one's head!" he said. "This is very bad—very bad!"

"Bad!" I answered, indignantly; "I am proud of it—I glory in it."

"Then may Heaven soften your heart!" he said.

I gave this person up as insane also. All the principal stations, I could see, were advised of our coming: for men—porters with lanterns—would come to the window under flimsy pretence of making us show our tickets, and would stare. At Rugby a long, thin, white-tied person came in, with a lantern, too (in his jaws), sat down directly opposite to me, and fixing his eyes plaintively on me, began to snuffle.

"Officer," he said at last, turning to my son,—"officer, give me leave to speak a few words to this poor man upon his state. Has he shown any signs of an awakening, officer?"

I hear my son, who has been lying back with his head on the cushion, murmur out that "he doesn't know—can't say, indeed."

"Officer," the clergyman goes on, "does he show insensibility? Hath he found a balm, a cure?"

Though inclined to resent a little the inquisitive character of these interrogatories, "Sir," I answer, with courtesy—"sir, I have tried nearly every known remedy, and am sorry to say have as yet found no relief. I despair of a cure."

"Have you tried——?"

"Tried? Tried what?" I interrupted, impatiently.

"Poor, blinded, lost sheep. Hopelessly stiff-necked!" Another snuffle.

"You may say that," I said; "I'm in a vice. The drugs do me no good. Even he," I say, pointing to my sleeping son, "*would* make me try a little in the poison line; he said it was a violent remedy, and so it was: I think it has done for me."

"Hardened beyond redemption!" said the layman. "Officer, do you hear this?"

"Perhaps," said I, a light suddenly breaking upon me, "you may be the retired clergyman of the papers, who has suffered so much, and are willing, for two postage-stamps, to impart the secret to others, 'To nervous sufferers?' Don't you know I am a nervous sufferer?"

"He is hardened—he will die impenitent," said the clergyman. "Oh, think, think an instant, poor lost sheep, how——"

"Sir," I said, with dignity, "you have applied that epithet to me once before. I am neither poor, nor lost, nor, as far as I know, a sheep. It is free, very free of you indeed."

"With your sands of life running out" (no

doubt the advertising retired clergyman), "with only a few days left to you, with both legs in the grave, with the rope already round your neck—"

I coloured: I was indignant at these coarse allusions to my state of health. "Pardon me," I said—

"Pardon?" he answered, scornfully; "the poor broken reed that every condemned wretch clings to. In your case there is no hope—no, not a particle. Come," he said, flinging himself on the floor of the carriage, "let us pray for him. Officer, join me in prayer for this stony heart, that it may be converted."

It seemed to be an understood thing that all first-class passengers to-night were to be lunatics; and so I held my peace, and took no further notice of the lean clergyman. The train was slackening its pace. We were drawing near to Stafford: it was a relief.

An official came round with a lantern, taking tickets. "Oh, there you are!" he said. "It's all right. The gov'nor's waiting on the up platform."

"What! another governor?" I asked, in astonishment.

"I say, though," he went on, dropping his voice, "I don't know how you'll get him off quietly; the whole town's waiting outside with the Wan!"

My son, still sleepy, murmured, "All right."

"What'll you do?" asked the official.

"Step into the carriage, to be sure," I said, "and drive to the Stafford Arms. Beds are ordered." He flashed the lantern into my face and laughed.

"Now, then," he said, as the train came rolling into the station. Lights—a spacious hall and crowd running along to keep up. Passengers jumped hastily from their seats and rushed to swell the mob clustered thickly round our door. I did not like the look of this complimentary ovation—they were noisy and impatient.

"Here's the gov'nor," the official said, opening the door; and a rough, hard-featured man stepped in with two other hard-featured gentlemen, officers on his staff, I suppose.

"Come along," he said, sharply; "there is no time to be lost. I don't know how we'll get him through this mob; we must only try: keep fast hold of him."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, governor," I said, trying to salute with the cap, but it was too firmly down over my ears, "for this little attention. If you will favour me and my friends here—let me introduce Captain Badger, the famous hero of Bundelcund—at a little festivity up at the Stafford Arms—"

"Now then, you two, get him well under the arms. Bring him along."

I became almost insensible: the excruciating agony the vile wretches put me to made me

shriek. Lights flashed in my eyes, a mist of faces peered at me, hoarse tongues roared and hooted. What *did* it all mean? I called faintly for my brave boy. I only heard "Bring him along—sharp. Hold him tight! Here's the Wan!"

An enormous dark-coloured, shining vehicle, surrounded, too, with a guard of honour of mounted soldiery—I did not like the look of it. Why all this state? "Do tell the governor," I said to my supporters, "that my private carriage is waiting, and that if he will honour me by accepting a seat—"

They began to laugh. "Well, Bill, if that ain't cheek—Why, bless us, if he haven't got no darbies on. Where's th' cuffs?"

"Here," I said, showing my bandages. "All thick lambswool."

"It's troubled his head a little," said the one called Bill.

The governor came up now with my son in a heat.

"Where's the warrant?"

"My commission?" said my brave boy, hesitatingly.

"Commission or warrant, where is it?"

"I didn't bring it; I never thought you'd want—"

"Good gracious! what are we to do? I have no authority to take the convict's body from you."

I saw there was some mystification, so I said politely, "I think you had better take my offer of a seat in the private carriage."

"You are responsible for the body, I have no official cognisance of its presence."

"But," murmured my son, sadly bewildered, "burdened as I was already with three upon my crupper—"

"Your crupper?" said the governor, a little wildly.

A scream of engine-whistle close to our ears made us start; another express has just come in. An official ran up hastily. "The prisoner's in the train there waiting for you!"

"What! the convict Rudd?"

"Yes, sir, heavily ironed. Mr. Gyves and two other constables have got him in a first-class compartment all to themselves."

The governor burst out laughing, a hazy perception of something like a mistake broke upon me. I looked down at myself, at the hands crossed under the cloak as if fettered, and at my two supporters on whom I leant. I must have been *very* like the convict Rudd, going down to Stafford Gaol.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND was commenced in May, 1859, and though but eighteen monthly parts have yet been issued, we believe it has now the largest circulation of any similar publication in the world. Yet notwithstanding the wide circulation of the work itself, its columns are more quoted from than from any other publication, and it is probably not an exaggeration to estimate that Mr. Dickens' new story, "Great Expectations," will find in this country alone more than three millions of readers.

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